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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor.
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SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1900.
NO. 15

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—William A. Stone.
Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—James M. Barnett.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

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[illegible] Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, [illegible].
Member of Congress—J. C. Sibley, Venango.
State Senator—Walter T. Merrick, [illegible].
Members of Assembly—Thomas F. Richmond, Smethport; L. A. Dempsey, Bradford.
[illegible]—[illegible] Melvin, Bradford.
Sheriff—[illegible] Clarke, Smethport.
[illegible]—W. Mitchell, Bradford.
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Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
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Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
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High Constable—Peter Brook.
School Directors—F. R. Mayo, president, June S. Forsythe, secretary, J. A. Holler, treasurer; Emma Gilloco, Katherine McKean, Jno. N. Apple.
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Assessor—Francis Freeman.
Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Eastman, Alex Clarke.
Judge of Election—Francis Freeman.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, J. A. [illegible].

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
JOHN CLARK, W. M.
G. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Work: Initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
F. A. GALLUP, N. G.
H. M. CHOATE, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. G. PELTON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 347, meets First and Third Thursday evening of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

[illegible]—meets Thursday afternoon [illegible].
MRS. KATE L. WRIGHT, Pres.
[illegible], Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 84, meets [illegible] evenings [illegible].
[illegible], M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every Thursday evening at Wells Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in Wells Hall [illegible].
MRS. ANNA S. GIFFORD, Com.
MRS. ETTA B. GALLUP, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 43, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel.
MISS S. A. SCULL, Prest.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Wednesday evening in Wells Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MISS EVA THORN, Secy.

M. W. A., CAMP No. 6657—Meets every Friday evening in H. C. Wells' hall, Wells Block.
T. F. RICHMOND, V. C.
N. H. KNAPP, Clerk.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—I. T. WALKER, D. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Young converts' meeting Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. HEBER MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—REV. J. HEBER MCCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p.m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, pastor. Mass at 11 a.m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

Swedish Evangelical Lutheran—P. E. NORDGREN, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening services at 7:15. Sunday school every Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. Week services every alternate Tuesday at 8 o'clock.

Colegrove—REV. W. BURROWS, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 11:30 a. m.; Class Meeting, 10 a. m. and after evening preaching; Children's Meeting, Saturday 1:30 p. m. All are invited.

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[illegible]-LAW, [illegible], Pa. Will [illegible] business entrusted to [illegible].

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[illegible] Cor. Main & Third Sts., in Mann & [illegible] building.

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Shaffer & Shaffer,
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Office in Schriever Block.

Edmund L. Ryan,
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Oct. 19, 1894.—1y.

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THE HONOR OF BESSON.

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

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Besson shoved in his pocket the paper on which he had jotted down the order.

"Of course," said Mr. Clavie while the young clerk in the background became interested in a book on a table near enough the two to render overhearing not impossible—"of course you will be punctual?"

Besson buttoned up his coat.

"And," followed up the publisher, "you understand fully."

Such insistence! It tired Besson.

"It is probable," he answered, "that I understand."

Clavie cleared his throat.

"Your pardon," he explained, "but you seemed so, shall I say inattentive?"

"It is a very good word," Besson assured him. Then, apparently willing to relieve the other's anxiety at so slight a cost to himself, he pulled the paper from his pocket. "I have it down; you see ten biographies of 500 words each, to be incorporated into a new popular history of the revolution. The subjects are Marat, Brienne, Danton, Desmoulins, Robespierre, Espremesnil, Mirabeau of course not 'Tonneau' Mirabeau."

"You know that."

"As you say, Mirabeau (not 'Tonneau'), Roland, Tinville—I have them all here."

"And I know you have their histories at the ends of your fingers."

"Or at the ends of the fingers of those who have prattled about them in print—Besauville, Dulaure, Lacretelle, Condorcet, Mercier, Toulongeon, Boville, Mellian, Vaublan."

"Bravo!" cried Clavie. "Did I not say so?"

"For which emanations of genius," dryly summed up Besson, "I am to receive"—

He paused, a twinkle in his eye, in the corner of which quivered a drop of moisture.

"You consider the price low," said the publisher. "Twenty francs for each biography of 500 words is"—

"Precisely," interrupted Besson as he returned the paper to his pocket. "I took a prize in mathematics some years ago. I know how many centimes a word that is. It is settled. Bon jour!" And he left the office, brushing the drop from his eye with a finger circled by a deep gold band that served to accentuate the whiteness of the hand.

"Francois," the publisher said, turning to the young clerk, "there goes a man who knows more about France and her times than any two men in Paris today. But," he shrugged his shoulders, "dissipation has done its work. The green angel has him, and he will not be on time. Thus I have put the date five days ahead of that on which, as you know, we shall actually need the articles he is to do for us. Today is the 5th. I have told him we must have them by the 15th. We need them on the 20th. He will deliver them on the 18th. He has worked for us before. You may resume your duties, Francois."

Outside in the sunshine Besson relieved his eyes of another drop of moisture. It was always thus early in the morning. It was barely noon, and he had been forced to rise prematurely in order to see the publisher, who had twice asked for the interview.

Whither should he go—home to work at the order from Clavie? Bah! He had no such intention. What—on such a day as this to go to his silent room at Mamzelle's, in the Place Labrosse, and sit there and spin out words about Marat, Mirabeau (not 'Tonneau') and those others! No, no, my child, not while the sun shone like this, and the boulevard promised what it did, and that path in the Bois had begun to sprinkle the asphalted air with imperceptible jets of the perfume of lilacs. He might get at the things this evening—though not this evening either, for he had promised himself to go this evening and see how wretchedly Sardou had put together that last new play, a thing of shreds and patches of apochryphal history. Tomorrow would be time enough. Hold! He had promised himself that tomorrow. Well, he had told Clavie that the biographies would be done by the 15th. Here it was only the 5th. He had ten days in which to write out 5,000 words upon the subjects with which he was entirely familiar. He could do it in a day. He had done as much before.

"For which emanations of genius I am to receive."

To be sure, he wished that he already had the money for the stuff. He was badly in need of money, as was usually the case, and the people who had purchased the newspaper that owed him so much for those papers on the Sorbonne would not pay up till next month. It was vexatious, and he had a mind to return to Clavie and request a trifle in advance and—

But, stop! He knew what he should do. He would go and see Bougereau's new picture, which was such a falling off from his earlier and better style. First he would have a small glass at the American's, where the imbibers were not so thick as at Compte's. After Bougereau's picture he would drop in on Fleche and point out to him the faults in the poem he had under way. Surely, now he was in for it, he could think of a hundred things which would assist in pleasantly passing the time till evening and the theater. Now for the small glass at the American's, for he was slinky after last night. And what drollery there had been last night. Arsenie with castanets was inimitable in that grotesque imitation of Calve as Carmen.

Mamzelle, in the Place Labrosse, heard him at daybreak fumbling at the lock. She often had to go down and admit him at about this hour, as he had more than once filled the keyhole with bits of pencil and the like, mistaking them for his latchkey. So it was better, all things considered, to let him in as soon as one heard him.

"I regret, Mamzelle," he said when she opened the door, "to be the cause of rousing you from the morning slumber which increases beauty. I have been to the theater."

"As any one may know," Mamzelle responded shortly, though not unkindly.

Her father had often gone to the [illegible] to come home [illegible] at this very hour, in this very condition. Indeed, old Cariere, across the way, had told her on more than one occasion that it must seem like old times to have her lodger going on like this.

"And it was a bad play," Besson was saying, smiling so blandly that Mamzelle frowned. It too vividly reminded her of the old times. "Sardou knows no more about French affairs than than you do. The next thing we shall have you doing historical plays, Mamzelle."

"The good God forbid!" she ejaculated. "And if monsieur would kindly enter I will close the door. Monsieur is still outside."

"I believe Mamzelle is correct," he apologized. "Permit me." And, entering, he shut the door in an elaborate fashion. "Does Mamzelle ascend?"

"It is my hour for beginning the day," she told him.

"It is an admirable hour for beginning anything," smiled Besson and zigzagged his way up to his room, Mamzelle waiting at the foot of the stairs in case of an accident. Then she took the lamp from its stand and went into her parlor.

"But," she sighed, "I only wish he would pay me 60 francs on account. I pity him! I pity all men. They are of the sex of my father. I cannot press him for the rent of his room, and yet I have promised Dalcour 60 francs by noon of the 25th of the month, and I have not a franc of it. I fully expected monsieur to settle the 1st of this month, which made six months' rent due me, but he has not done so, and now that he has taken to going to the theater every night in place of twice a week, and writing not at all, I see no prospects of the money."

She threw open the window so that she might catch the first light of day and have a box of flowers under way by the time she partook of dejeuner.

"I will wait as long as possible, though," she said, with a sigh. "I must not despair. Despair ruins my skill, and this time I am making orchids."

Two days passed, and Besson offered no part of the money he owed her. Of course in the midst of her increasing perplexity old Cariere had to come over, when he saw her working at the window. He folded his arms on the window sill and talked in at her.

"Ah, Mamzelle," he chirruped, "such a tombstone as your father will have! It must be pleasant to rest under such a tombstone. Dalcour is proud of it himself. He says that but for my friendship for you it would have cost you considerably more than he charges you. He's an agreeable man, that Dalcour. By the way, our young man, our Besson—I hope his late hours do not interfere with his work. Is he always prompt in paying what he owes? I ask as a friend."

"I find no fault with monsieur," Mamzelle stiffly replied. "He is a writer for the newspapers. Writers for the newspapers frequently keep late hours, I understand."

Again old Cariere sauntered over.

"Dalcour says the marble of that tombstone is without a flaw. I have seen it. Dalcour says that 60 francs you pay him on the 25th will just defray the expense of the marble and the carrying of it to the cemetery, not a sou for the carving he has executed—such a ravishing wreath of acorns round your father's name. Our young man, our Besson, does he write much for the newspapers? I meet him so frequently on the boulevard."

"Doubtless it is wearisome. But, then, these writers for the newspapers gather ideas on the boulevard," said she.

Old Cariere smiled and disclosed his two eyeteeth, which were separated by a sad stretch of unrelieved vacancy, and, dusting his elbows, went away, only to come back in a day or so and say something to the same effect, for he watched Mamzelle and saw that something was on her mind. And as in former times only one thing had been on her mind, namely, her father—so he now decided that only two things could have the old effect—her father's tombstone and her lodger.

By the 23d Mamzelle was nearly beside herself. She had promised Dalcour that he should have 60 francs on the 25th, and she had never broken her word. The flower making was but poorly remunerative. She earned only enough to keep her in the bare necessaries of life. The landlord must be paid regularly; the baker must not wait; her food must not be had on trust. She had only the rent of the room Besson occupied to assist her in outside matters, and the rent had not been paid for nearly the half of the entire year he had been with her. Why did she keep him? She sometimes asked herself that question. Old Cariere would have said that it was because she had lived so long alone with her father that now, faded haired and feeble eyed, she found in Besson's neglect of her and his mode of living a [illegible] to the parent who had made himself the controlling thought of her existence.

On the afternoon of the 23d Dalcour, going by, stopped a moment at the window to say that through unprecedented efforts he had managed to get the tombstone into such condition that it would be completed on the day he had promised. She was a woman of her word, and he wished to be a man of his.

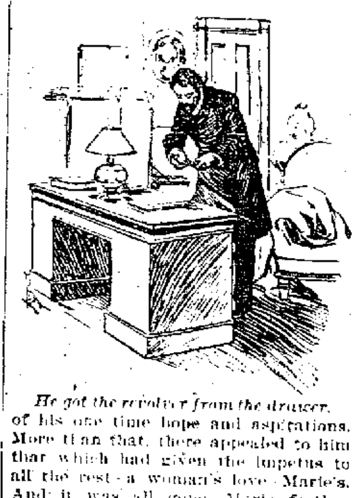
Mamzelle felt a sudden singing up in her head. The plate was conveniently at hand, but there was nothing to pledge unless it was her father's tall hat, and it was more than doubtful that she could get any considerable sum on that, especially as the wheels of a wagon had gone over it that time [illegible] and fallen in the street. They [illegible] him home white and still, with the hat reposing upon his motionless breast.

Besson must do it. He must pay up. She decided it all at once. She became quite warm thinking of it. It was scandalous in the man to treat [illegible] this—a woman in her [illegible] in the world. He was young, he had his health, and yet he let her keep him for nothing! It was scandalous. He should pay up.

She did not go to her sleeping room that night, but waited in the parlor for him. She knew that he would not come home early, yet it was a satisfaction to sit there and wait and [illegible] the speech she should make when he arrived, for he must be told [illegible] and how [illegible].

While she sat there beginning [illegible] time Besson was at the theater. The false history of Sardou affected him to the usual degree. Suddenly a feeling of aloofness seized him. He was near nothing and no one. The man occupying the seat next to his was more than miles away from him. He recognized the fact that this feeling had often approached him before, but now it was here. He was alone. The dramatist had honor; these actors had applause; this audience had entertainment. He had nothing. He rose and went out into the street. He must elude something that was doing its best to incorporate itself into his very being.

[illegible] life. There was nothing [illegible]. Up rose before him strange revelations of his one time hope and aspirations. More than that, there appealed to him that which had given the impetus to all the rest—a woman's love—Marie's. And it was all gone. Marie farther away than the rest. Only he lingered, and for what? And should this continue? No; a thousand times no. He had been a fool to suffer it so long, but now he would end it. The river! It was cool there, and quiet, and dark, and lonely. No; he would go on to his room at Mamzelle's, look into a beautifully polished little American cylinder, with a revolving chamber at one end of it, and in a moment there would be a quiet length lying on his bed, and it would be all over! He could scarcely wait to get to the Place Labrosse, only that it would be too much a part of his new loneliness to be rocked about in the river, his wide open eyes turning every now and then up to the stars that should not heed. He reached the house, his latchkey in his hand. On the step he glanced up at the dull little domicile. He to call this life, to creep into a hiding hole in this poor place—he who had known so much that was different! He was of no importance now, but in a few hours he would have made even little Mamzelle of the utmost importance and given her name to thousands of readers of the newspapers. A gardien would pace back and forth in front of the house. The whole machinery of the nation would be set in operation.



He got the revolver from the drawer.

Wild to get it over, he dashed the key into the lock, but Mamzelle was at the door before he could turn the knob. Her face was scared. Beyond her in the dim entry the lamp flared on its table and outlined a block on the wall which Besson knew to be her father's hat.

"Monsieur!" she stammered. "Monsieur!" and could get no further.

"Anything wrong, Mamzelle?" he asked her.

"Not at all," she answered.

"Oh!" he said. "I have been to the theater, and a bad play it was. Sardou is as correct in his French history as you would be, very likely. But I believe I have said as much to you before."

"Several times," she returned.

He laughed.

"It is a way I have," he reminded her. "Good night!" and prepared to ascend the stairs. "I shall rest—rest!"

The moment had arrived, the moment to meet which she had been so long nerving herself.

"Monsieur," she said, trembling in every limb, "will you do me the favor to step into my parlor?"

He turned round, his hand on the balustre of the stairs. She saw the flash of the ring on his finger. What right had he to wear rings when he owed half a year's rent?

"Then there is something the matter," he said. "You—you have not been frightened during my absence?"

"I am used to being alone," she answered, with dry mouth. "It is not that."

"Then what is it?" he queried. "Is it the mice? These old houses are overrun with mice. You should keep a cat."

"Monsieur," she said, "you have not found me unreasonable?"

"Assuredly not," he told her.

"I am not easily put into bad humor?"

"Indeed, no."

"You do not find me annoying or insistent?"

"You are the most retiring of creatures."

"Then it is this," she said. "That is, I mean, if monsieur will pardon me for being so bold, I should find good use for a little money just now—not much—say 60 francs. I could not accept more than 60 francs. The fact is, I have ordered a tombstone for my father's grave. Dalcour, who makes it, is a great friend of Cariere across the way, so he lets me have it at a low price. Indeed, it is quite an 'occasion.' But he has been so deceived he knows not whom to trust, and a tombstone made for a certain person is not pleasant goods to have returned on one's hands. He asks me for 60 francs on account on the 25th, which is the day after tomorrow. It is my father's birthday, and at noon, when he pays his [illegible]. Then the tombstone goes up. The rest of the money I pay in a year, which is certainly most reasonable of Dalcour. But I have not the 60 francs. I have promised it, though, and it grieves me to think I may not keep my word. If monsieur would kindly let me have that amount, not a franc more, I should be infinitely obliged. I should not be so pressing only that my word is pledged that Dalcour shall have the money, and in honor I must pay him."

Besson was twisting the ring round and round on his finger. He looked down at the little faded creature who used such fine expressions.

"Honor!" He smiled. "Honor!"

Mamzelle was on fire in an instant.

"Yes, honor!" she cried. "What have I but honor? I have no wealth. I have lost my youth. There is no one who cares for me. [illegible]. My word is not doubted because it has always been sacred to me. [illegible] know how it is with those who [illegible]. I have watched [illegible] and cared for [illegible]. It was my father. He was the last of [illegible]. He had no friends. [illegible] followed him to the grave. Honor—[illegible] is all I have in the world, and I will carry it with me [illegible] good God."

She was panting, her hand over her heart. Besson was looking straight before him, a strange expression in his eyes.

"But monsieur does not attend," said Mamzelle.

She had to speak to him a second time. Then he pulled himself together.

"Mamzelle," he said, "you shall have the 60 francs on the day you have promised to pay it away," and passed onward up the stairs.

But she ran after him and caught him by the sleeve. "Monsieur," she said, "will you forgive my bold words? Have I ever shown doubt of you? Then forgive me! I had no one else to go to, and then, monsieur, you you seem a trifle careless."

"[illegible] is a [illegible] not worth [illegible], Mamzelle, though I am as [illegible]. But you shall have the money by noon on the 25th."

He went to his room. It was not quite daybreak, so he lighted the lamp. His head was heavy and hot. He got the revolver from the drawer of the table.

"But not just yet. I will work at those things for Clavie," he said. "There will be time for that other afterward."

He slipped the weapon in his pocket. He picked up the water jug and dashed its contents over his head.

"So! That cools the oven," he said. "How do you like it, Mlle. Absinthe?"

The water streamed down his shoulders. His face was varnished with it. He seated himself at the table, where there were a dozen pointed pencils and a quantity of dusty paper.

"Honor!"

He took a pencil and drew it across the paper.

"Jean Paul Marat was born"— he wrote, when he let the pencil drop.

He picked it up and wrote again: "Jean Paul Marat was born"—

He threw the pencil aside.

"Of course he was born," he said, "or how else did he get here?"

He selected with care a new pencil. His fingers grasped it till the knuckles whitened. He drove it over the paper. Sheet after sheet was filled with writing and fell to the floor. The pencil wore out. He took another.

Day came, and the outside light paled the yellow straggling of the lamp, though he did not heed. He wrote and wrote. He wore out pencil after pencil. The lamp died out, with an evil smell, but he knew it not. From the storehouse of his memory he drew forth the knowledge he had acquired years ago, when he had been hailed as a rising man whom the world would yet be proud to acknowledge. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the last word was set down. The ten biographies ordered by M. Clavie were finished.

His hand was cramped. His neck had pains darting through it. Every bone in his body seemed wrenched. It was too late to deliver the manuscripts that day.

He threw himself across the bed and tossed about. At last he slept. He awoke with a start. All was dark round him. Night had come again.

"You have gained a day, my little heart," he said. "If I had but one small glass! But, no; I must keep cool of head, for I must have more for these articles than a hundred francs. I have made them twice as long as I promised to do. The extra money will console Mamzelle for the trouble I shall cause her in this room." He tapped on his pocket. "And I will not look on Mme. Smithandwesson till I have been to Clavie, or I should surely be tempted."

He tried to light his lamp and found that the oil was exhausted. He went round in the dark and gathered the sheets of paper from the floor.

"Honor!"

With the first arrow of light he arranged the pages in sequence. When the light was more fully come, he left the house. In many months he had not seen the streets at this hour of the morning. The noise had scarcely begun. A blue frocked ouvrier here and there was going to work. A commercial traveler, with his bag of samples, was hurrying to catch an early train at the Gare d'Orleans. Two pea shellers, with sabots on their feet, were making for the markets.

The markets! He had once thought he would write up the markets.

"In the twelfth century they were pretty near where they are now. In 1554 they were destroyed by fire. Under the Fronde they suffered— But am I writing them up now?"

Six o'clock! The noise was increasing. Seven o'clock! Eight!

Clavie did not reach the office till 11—three hours and no one he could visit so easily, and so get rid of the time. He wandered into the older part of the town, now rapidly becoming the newer. He had once thought he should like to write a history of old Paris. How far off the time of that thought seemed now—as far off as everything else! Yet how interesting Paris was!

"Do not be like my father," she pleaded softly.

At half past 10 he found that it would be close on to 11, even if he walked briskly, by the time he reached Clavie's.

Francois was alone in the office. M. Clavie had been out of town for a few days, but was expected at the office that morning.

"Good!" said Besson. "I will wait."

When 11 struck, he asked if this were not the usual time for Clavie to arrive.

Francois answered, "Before this some days. But then he might have come home late last night and slept an hour or so beyond his usual time."

"True," said Besson and fastened his eyes on the clock.

Mamzelle had said she had promised the money to the tombstone man at noon, so there was a full hour yet.

Francois drummed on the table in front of him. A messenger entered with a letter. Francois read it.

"Unfortunately," he said, "this informs me that M. Clavie will not return until tomorrow."

Besson bounded to his feet.

"But," he said, "I have brought the biographies."

"I did not like to mention it," returned Francois, "but you will remember they were promised for the 15th. Today is the 25th. We could not wait longer than the 20th. Then we gave orders to have them written elsewhere. Some are already done, the others promised in a week."

Besson was dumfounded. Mamzelle had said she must pay the money at noon today. He had no means of getting the 60 francs save through the biographies. He had expected to settle his bill at Mamzelle's when he was paid for those papers on the Sorbonne, but that would not be until next month. He had [illegible] his food and drink even till he was paid for these papers on the Sorbonne.

"Monsieur," he said to Francois, "it is [illegible]. I must have the money."

"It is not my affair," returned Francois.

"Yes," argued Besson, "but the biographies were ordered from me."

"By a certain date," Francois retorted.

"True," urged Besson. "But I have written them. I will let you have them for 60 francs. Really 60 francs is necessary to me. I must have the money before noon. Oh, do not say no! See, the manuscripts are much longer than 500 words. They are correct in every particular. I will vouch for it. Only 60 francs! Surely, you will not refuse me? See how well they look! Sixty francs! Monsieur, I must have the money by noon. An honor is at stake."

Francois had grown pale as he listened to the words that drove like the wind.

"It is not my affair," he said more courteously. "We have already three of the biographies in the hands of the printer. You did not keep your contract as to time."

"But 60 francs," Besson cried, "only 60 francs!"

"I dare not," protested Francois.

"But"—

"Monsieur," said Francois, "I will take a risk on myself. I will accept two of these for 40 francs. It may be a complete loss from my own purse."

"Sixty francs for them all!"

"Forty francs for Roland and Tinville!"

The clock struck the half hour. Besson looked down at the manuscripts. The ring on his finger caught his eye.

"Take them," he said.

He threw the papers on the table, grasped the money held out to him and hurried from the place. He had only 30 minutes. He tore off his ring as he went along. He meant to pledge it.

He darted into a shop. They would advance no more than 10 francs on it. If he wished more, he might go to an honest man in the Rue Scarelle, who would buy it by weight for old gold.

Out hurried Besson. A clock in a window told him that ten minutes of the half hour were gone. Only 20 minutes till noon!

The Rue Scarelle was another ten minutes off, but then it was only five or six minutes from there to the Place Labrosse and Mamzelle.

He ran now. At the corner of the Rue Scarelle he stopped abruptly. He was dripping with perspiration; his face was ghastly.

He looked at the ring lying in his palm. It had been Marie's ring. She had given it to him when she had thought to marry him—before he had begun to make those mistakes which forced her to cast him off.

He had always kept the ring. No privation had caused the suggestion that he should part with it. It had belonged to her. She had worn it. It had been warmed by the blood that coursed from her heart, and the possession of it had seemed to keep her not quite so far away. To part with it, it appealed to him, would sever him entirely from the past, when he had been hopeful and respected and loved.

"But Mamzelle's word would be broken. She relies on me—my honor."

He made for the shop. He was offered 25 francs for the ring after it had been tested with acids.

"Of course," said Besson.

"You take it merely as old metal?"

"Of course."

"And you would give as much for it if it were broken?"

"Certainly."

"Will you lend me a hammer?"

The hammer was given him. He stooped to the stone floor. He looked inside the ring and saw Marie's name there. Then he laid the ring on the floor and with a powerful blow of the hammer crushed it into a shapeless mass. The ring had been the last tie. He was now irrevocably separated from the past.

He handed the gold to the man and received 25 francs.

"The time?" he asked.

"It is 5½ minutes to 12," was the answer.

Besson left the shop. He now had the 60 francs, and 5 over.

"Yes," he said, "the 5 will get me several small glasses. I need them. What! From the proceeds of that ring!"

He dashed the 5 franc piece into the road, crowded with vehicles, and pressed on to the Place Labrosse. He entered the house as the noon hour sounded.

Mamzelle glanced at him and nodded pleasantly.

"The 60 francs," he said and laid the money on the table among the blossoms of her manufacture.

"There, now, Dalcour," she said.

A man Besson had not noticed came from a corner and pointed to the little flower maker.

"Mamzelle never breaks her word," he said. "The tombstone goes up this afternoon. Bon jour, Mamzelle! Bon jour, monsieur!" And he took his leave.

Mamzelle laid aside the flower whose petals she was forming and rose to her feet. She put out her hand.

"You have saved me so much," she said. "Let me be your friend. I am old enough to be your mother. I am not learned, like monsieur, but we women give love, and that is sometimes as valuable as learning. You have helped me so much. Let me help you. Monsieur, my father was as you have been. He died, and he was forgotten before he died. You are young. You must live and vindicate your worth to the world, as you have vindicated your word to me."

Besson stood there, tall and grim.

For a moment a smile twitched the corners of his mouth. Mamzelle took his hand and held it up to her cheek.

"Do not be like my father," she pleaded softly. "Honor is dear to you. You have shown me that. You will promise me?"

A shiver passed through Besson. Marie's face seemed to loom in the distance.

Mamzelle regarded him with streaming eyes.

"You promise?" She appealed to him. "Surely there is some one you love. If it be a woman, think what your honor must be to her. You promise?"

Marie was near, so very near that he felt that he might touch her, and she was smiling, pleading.

"I promise," he said, "Marie!" and fell at Mamzelle's feet, pressing the hem of her common frock to his lips.

A Tough Joint.

The boarder who was carving the roast beef at the request of the landlady laid down the knife and fork and took a short rest.

"The spirit is willing," he remarked, "but the flesh is strong."

It may be good for us to remember as an English novelist tells us, that the shade of each departed day falls on our graves.

True nobility is in the mind, not in the flesh. I wish to leave after me when I die my memory and good works.—King Alfred the Great.

The University of El Azhar, in Cairo, is the oldest in the world. It has records dating back 1,000 years.

A. K. Bass, of Morgantown, Ind., had to get up ten or twelve times during the night and had severe backache and pains in the kidneys. Was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure. It's guaranteed. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

A TRAMP AND HIS PAL

THE TRAIL THAT ONE MADE TO GUIDE THE OTHER.

It Enabled "Appetite Bill," After His Term In Jail Was Done, to Unerringly Follow His Partner From Cincinnati to Houston.

"We have a good many tramps up in our part of the country," said a sugar planter, "and I've made something of a study of their peculiarities. The old idea that they carve marks and signs on fences that can be read by all other members of the fraternity is pure nonsense, of course, but I have known several instances in which one tramp would leave a trail, so to speak, for the guidance of a partner who might not put in an appearance for months.

"The first case of that kind I ever encountered was rather amusing. I was riding one spring day down a road that passes through my place, when I noticed a typical hobo industriously carving a sort of hieroglyphic on a big post standing near the fence. The mark consisted of a square and triangle side by side, and he was just putting on the finishing touches as I arrived.

"My curiosity was at once aroused, and I determined to find out if possible exactly what the thing meant, so I proceeded to collar the fellow, and after a little vigorous bluffing he told me he was putting up directions for his partner, who would be along some time in the fall. He assured me that the marks meant nothing in particular except that he had passed and was going in the direction of the point of the triangle.

"His partner, according to the story which I dragged out of him piecemeal, was doing a six months' jail sentence for slugging a policeman in Cincinnati and when he got out on Sept. 1 would strike south, following a trail of carvings on water tanks, depots, barns and fenceposts. When the first tramp struck a good place to loaf, he proposed to stop and wait for the other to catch up.

"'What's your partner's name?' I asked.

"'It's by rights William Sparks,' said the hobo, 'but everybody calls him "Appetite Bill" on account of his always being hungry. He carries a sack to pack grub in and has red whiskers and a funny looking wart on one side of his nose.'

"I was satisfied from my prisoner's manner that he was telling me the truth, so I took him up to the house, gave him a good dinner and sent him on his way rejoicing.

"Now for the sequel," continued the planter. "One afternoon in the fall I was driving home from the station when I passed a very dilapidated hobo with red stubble on his chin and a gunny sack under his arm, and some instinct told me that Mr. Sparks, alias 'Appetite Bill,' had at last arrived. He seemed to be looking for landmarks, and when he reached the big post I saw him stop, scrutinize the carving and then start off with a new and confident step. That settled it, and I drove ahead and intercepted him at the house half a mile farther on.

"'Hello, Bill!' I said. 'How's your appetite this evening?'

"'Appetite?' he stammered and gave such a violent start that he dropped his gunny sack.

"'Why, yes,' said I. 'Perhaps they didn't feed you very well at Cincinnati.'

"At the word Cincinnati he turned livid and glared around with such evident intention of bolting that I made haste to explain.

"'Don't be alarmed,' I said. 'I met your side partner a few months ago, and he told me to look out for you.' It took me some time to dissipate Bill's suspicions, but when I finally succeeded in convincing him that it was all right he told me a most interesting story of his journey across the country.

"A professional hobo will follow the track of another hobo with an accuracy that is curiously suggestive of woodcraft. All the way down from Cincinnati Bill had never once lost the trail, and before he left I gave him an addressed postal card and got him to promise me he would put it in the mail at whatever point he caught up with his partner. Less than a month later I received the card, bearing a Houston (Tex.) date mark; so I presume it was there they met.

"Both of these tramps could read and write, and I asked Sparks particularly why his friend didn't use some brief message in place of the hieroglyph. He replied that it would attract too much attention, and other hoboes would be likely to add misleading words, while the little square and triangle passed unnoticed.

"Since then I have encountered two other nearly similar cases, in each of which a tramp was leaving a cipher trail for a crony to follow when he got out of jail, and I infer that the practice is tolerably common. At any rate it is a curious feature of tramp life which I have never seen mentioned in any of the numerous papers and magazine articles that have appeared on the subject during recent years."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Mistook Her Object.

The average drug clerk is proof against sudden excitement. But in one of the prominent down town drug stores one day a clerk had a sudden and serious fright that set him ahead about ten years.

A young woman, decidedly pretty and charmingly gowned, rushed into the store breathless and in a great state of agitation. She called for a bottle of chloroform and wanted it quick.

The young man behind the counter turned pale and declared, with great firmness, 'You can't have it.'

"But I must," declared the young woman, "or my dress will be spoiled."

"Your dress?"

"Yes, my dress. While crossing the street just now a lot of mud was splashed on to my dress by some passing horses."

"Ah!" exclaimed the drug clerk, with a smile of relief. "That's different. I thought that—er—possibly you were tired of living, don't you know."—Chicago News.

Moro Polygamy.

Polygamy is the Moro's by religion and divine right. A Moro must give a separate house to each wife, in which she is supposed to set up housekeeping, with a sufficient number of women slaves to wait upon her. She may own them in her own right, but more often her Moro husband must purchase them for her. As women slaves bring a higher price in the market than men, the drain on the husband's exchequer is immense.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Noted Healer in Town.
The greatest healer of modern times is Banner Salve, for cuts, wounds, sores, piles and all skin diseases. Guaranteed. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

The MINER and Tribune $1.25.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,

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THE MINER and N. Y. Weekly Tribune, one year, $1.60.

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Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1900.

Republican Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS,
JOSEPH C. SIBLEY.

FOR NATIONAL DELEGATE,
JAMES A. McKEAN.

FOR STATE SENATOR,
MYRON MATSON.

FOR MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY,
T. F. RICHMOND.
M. H. HOUGHTON.

STATE DELEGATES,
CHAS. A. DUKE.
DAVID HOWELLS.
J. M. McELROY.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER.

THE convention on Tuesday was very harmonious.

J. C. SIBLEY surprised his most ardent admirers in his run last Saturday.

HON. T. F. RICHMOND'S position was heartily endorsed last Saturday.

JAS. A. McKEAN is happy. He received 53 more votes than Myron Matson.

SENATOR CLARK of Montana has been refused a seat in the United States Senate.

AT the spring elections recently held in Ohio the Republicans rolled up a healthy majority.

THE final vote on the Quay case has again been postponed. This time it is booked for April 24.

THE "Fighting Parson" is also a "Running Parson" judging from his vote at the primaries.

AND now it is claimed that Admiral Dewey announced himself a candidate to head off General Miles who has been spoken of as a prospective aspirant for the presidency.

TEXAS has been having a terrible flood for the past few days. Up to the present nearly a hundred lives have been lost and many thousands of dollars' worth of property has been destroyed.

ACCORDING to latest reports the British suffered terrible losses last Saturday. It is claimed that 600 were killed or wounded and 900 captured, while the Boers only meet with nominal losses.

WHERE is Lieutenant Hobson? With all these heroes entering the race for the presidency Hobson should not be forgotten. For fear he is on a dark horse ticket the political public is hereby warned to hunt him up.

THE ticket placed in nomination at the primaries last Saturday is an excellent one and one which the Republicans can support most heartily. They are each honest, intelligent and thoroughly competent to perform the duties of the respective offices for which they were chosen. When the votes are counted in November each will have a majority he can feel proud of.

"I AM a Democrat and a Democrat I shall always be," said a gentleman who has traveled a great deal, the other evening, "but this fall I expect to stay away from the polls." In further conversation he said the administration was all right and that in the South many of the "boys in gray" are firm friends of President McKinley and the vote of the Southern states will prove his assertions this fall.

Republican Convention.

The Republican committeemen, representing the districts of McKean county, met in convention at the court house Tuesday afternoon. The convention was a most harmonious one and everything passed off quietly.

Shortly after 2 o'clock Chairman Matson called the convention to order. The roll was called by Secretary Ryan and the committeeman handed in their credentials and returns. When the Fifth ward of Bradford was reached there was a protest to seating John Meeker from that district. This was the only contest and was referred to the committee on credentials.

A. D. Gould of Eldred and C. M. Slack of Eldred township nominated Fred A. Miller of Bradford for temporary chairman. This popular young gentleman was elected without opposition and briefly thanked the convention for the honor conferred upon him upon taking the chair. A. D. Gould of Eldred and N. H. Knapp of Smethport were elected secretaries.

On motion Chairman Miller appointed the following committees: Resolutions—Louis Marck of Bradford, W. H. Emery of Bradford township, Lemuel Davis of Kane, C. M. Slack of Eldred township and W. C. Ostrander of Liberty. J. L. Andrews of Bradford and T. H. Walker of Foster township were appointed but declined to serve. Credentials—C. B. Robarts of Ceres, Charles Lunden of Mt. Jewett, J. M. Keeney of Port Allegany, J. Scott of Kane and Frank Fritz of Keating.

A recess of 15 minutes was taken to allow committees to report and secretaries to tabulate returns.

The convention was brought to order in about 30 minutes and the credentials committee reported in favor of seating T. A. Flynn of the Fifth ward. The report was adopted and Mr. Flynn was invited to take a seat in the convention. The committee on resolutions then presented the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

RESOLUTIONS

Mr. Chairman:—Your committee on resolutions present the following report:

First.—The Republicans of McKean county in convention assembled, by and through their chosen committeemen, ratify and reaffirm the principles enunciated in the National Republican platform adopted at St. Louis in 1896.

Second—We gratefully approve the wise and patriotic administration of President William McKinley, and rejoice that under its influence and policy confidence has been restored, and our manufacturing, commercial, industrial, agricultural and general business interests have been revived and are prospering as never before. We, likewise, approve the policy adopted and pursued by the President and our Republican members in congress, touching the late war with Spain, and in reference to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. We commend and endorse every measure and act of the present National administration, so benignly devised, for securing to the long oppressed inhabitants of those islands, the blessings of freedom and liberty; and we pledge our earnest support to the President of the United States in his efforts to suppress the insurrection in the Philippines, to the end that a just and truly civilized government may be there established and maintained.

Third—We strongly favor for renomination for the Presidency the matchless statesman and patriot, William McKinley.

Fourth—With entire satisfaction we recognize and appreciate the praiseworthy administration of Gov. William A. Stone, and repose full confidence in his ability and purpose to firmly and wisely discharge his official duty in the future with the same fidelity as in the past.

Fifth—In our worthy United States Senator, Boies Penrose, we recognize the marked ability, integrity, peace and courage that place him in the front rank of American statesmen.

Sixth—We heartily endorse the course of our State Senator, Hon. Walter T. Merrick, and our Representatives, Hon. Richard A. Dempsey and Hon. Thomas F. Richmond, for their efficient and faithful discharge of duty.

Seventh—When Honorable Matthew Stanley Quay received the caucus nomination for United States Senator, it at once became the duty of every Republican member of the Legislature to cast his vote for him, and we especially commend our Senator and Representatives for having faithfully discharged this duty; and when the Legislature adjourned without having elected a United States Senator, it became the duty of the Governor to fill the vacancy by appointment, and we especially commend Gov. Stone for having appointed to that position the choice of the great majority of Republicans of Pennsylvania, Honorable Matthew Stanley Quay. And we regret that the United States Senate has thus far failed to discharge its plain duty by admitting Mr. Quay to a seat in the Senate.

Fighth—With gratification unbounded the Republicans of McKean county welcome beneath the banner of the great Republican party, the courageous statesman and philanthropist, Hon. Joseph C. Sibley, and we invite our fellow electors of other political parties to follow the patriotic example set by him.

Ninth—For the election of the most excellent ticket placed in nomination at our party primaries of the 7th instant, we pledge our united and earnest support from now until the closing of the polls in November next.

Tenth—As a candidate for Congress-at-Large, who will ably represent our great state at Washington, we earnestly recommend that distinguished Republican of Crawford county, Theodore L. Flood.

LOUIS MARCK,
W. H. EMERY,
LEMUEL DAVIS,
C. M. SLACK,
W. C. OSTRANDER.

The returns were not computed, but the convention proceeded to elect a county chairman. Upon motion of Delegates Mosley of Bradford, and Slack of Eldred, J. W. Campbell of Kane, was chosen by acclamation. In taking the chair Mr. Campbell said he felt highly gratified that the party had recognized the part of the county in which he lived by honoring it with the office of Chairman of the County Committee, and said that he would endeavor to get out the vote and roll up the usual majorities at the forthcoming election. Secretary Gould read the official report of Saturday's balloting. All the districts reported except the second district of Corydon. These are the totals for the county: For Congress, Joseph C. Sibley, 2,503; R. B. Stone, 1,333; for national delegate, James McKean, 3,414; for State Senator, Myron Matson, 3,361; for assembly, J. H. Grant, 1,365; M. H. Houghton, 2,523; Thomas F. Richmond, 2,506; S. T. Swartz, 972. For delegates to state convention, Charles Duke, 2,722; D. Howells, 3,156. Fred B. King, 1,678; J. M. McElroy, 2,668. For jury commissioner, Walter Ostrander, 3,156. Sibley's majority over Stone, 1,170; Houghton over Grant, 1,158; Richmond over Swartz, 1,534; Houghton over Richmond, 17; Grant over Swartz, 393.

Candidates Matson, Richmond and Houghton were called upon and addressed the convention briefly. Mr. Matson thanked the convention and said that his running mate, Mr. Houghton, had promised to do all the talking for both. Hon. T. F. Richmond thanked the Republican voters for their flattering endorsement of his work during the last meeting of the legislature and promised to represent McKean county to the best of his ability first, and the majority of the Republicans in the district second, if re elected.

Mr. Houghton was introduced as the "Fighting Parson" and delivered a ringing speech of five minutes' duration on the issues of the next election and closed by saying that he would quit preaching the gospel from a theological standpoint on May 1st, and that from then until the election in November he would preach Republican gospel.

Resolutions providing that Mr. Sibley, Mr. Matson and Mr. McKean choose their conferees, were adopted and the convention adjourned sine die.

THE COUNTY COMMITTEE.

Following are the names of the County Committeemen:

Annin township—S. J. Carlson.

Bradford city—First ward, first precinct, J. L. Andrews; second precinct, J. C. Weaver; Second ward, first precinct, Fred A. Miller; second precinct, Louis Marck; Third ward, Z. Hill; Fourth ward, W. C. Maxwell; Fifth ward, T. A. Flynn; Sixth ward, Joseph Moseley.

Bradford Township, First district—C. B. Cloud; second district, W. H. Emery.

Ceres Township—C. B. Robarts.

Corydon Township, First district, B. D. Tome; second district, ———.

Eldred Borough—A. D. Gould.

Eldred Township—C. M. Slack.

Foster Township, First district—Thomas Potter; Second district, T. H. Walker.

Hamilton Township, First district—J. E. Curtis; Second district, Claud English.

Hamlin Township, First district—H. F. Starskey; Second district, Charles Paulson; Third district, C. W. Freeman.

Kane—First ward, Alf. Evans; Second ward, L. Davis; Third ward, John Scott; Fourth ward, P. Hanson.

Keating Township, First district—I. S. Reynolds; Second district, W. P. Beckwith; third district, Frank Fritz.

Lafayette Township, First district—John Bartley; Second district, J. C. Cannon, Jr.; Third district, Sam Noles.

Liberty Township—W. C. Ostrander.

Mt. Jewett—Charles Lunden.

Norwich Township, First district—L. F. Wilcox; Second district, S. Whiteman.

Otto Township, First district, F. T. McEvoy; Second district, C. A. Williams.

Port Allegany—J. M. Keeney.

Sergeant Township, First district—A. R. Anderson; Second district, H. H. Varner.

Smethport—N. H. Knapp.

Wetmore Township, First district—C. C. Jones; Second district, T. L. Anderson.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Apr. 9, 1900.

The Dewey cat is now out of the bag and in full sight of everybody. The admiral has simply allowed himself to be used by those Democrats who still have hopes of keeping Mr. Bryan out of the Democratic nomination. It is the Democratic nomination that the admiral expects to get. He has declared himself to be a Democrat, although he has never cast a vote, and says the only time he ever desired to vote was when Mr. Cleveland was a candidate for President. The only effect of his candidacy will be humiliation of himself. It is now known that his announcement has fallen as flat everywhere else as it did in Washington, and the Democrats in Congress, who ought to know the sentiment of their constituents, say that Dewey has no more chance of being nominated by the Kansas City convention than Grover Cleveland has. Among Admiral Dewey's real friends much regret is expressed that he should have listened to advice that must end in bringing him great humiliation. The Bryanites are already adding gall to that humiliation by suggesting that Dewey may possibly be given the nomination for Vice President on the Bryan ticket. Just think of that, will you! The hero of Manila Bay, the man who did more than any other one man to give the United States the Philippines, and who has been referred to as the father of expansion, used as the tail of the Bryan ticket, on a platform opposing expansion and everything else that George Dewey was supposed to stand for. Surely that would be enough to make Dewey wish he had never been born.

Secretary Gage does not pose as a humorist, but the manner in which he outwitted the New York newspaper, which sought cheap advertising by bringing a Porto Rican laborer under contract to that city, was a bit of official humor that was relished in Washington. Knowing that the only object in bringing the man from Porto Rico was advertising for the paper, Secretary Gage exercised his authority and ordered that the man be permitted to land in New York, and to work under his contract until further notice, instead of refusing to allow him to land and giving the paper the opportunity to take the case into the courts. There is already a case before the United States Supreme Court involving the question of whether the constitution extends to Porto Rico, and if the decision in that case is not conclusive, others can easily be made without advertising any private business. Secretary Gage deserves credit for heading off that advertising scheme. The courts are not maintained for advertising purposes, even though theatrical stars do sometimes succeed in utilizing them for self advertisement.

President McKinley's order relieving Gen. Otis of the command of the Philippines, whenever Gen. Otis pleases to start home, and designating Maj General MacArthur to succeed him was issued solely in compliance with the wishes of Gen. Otis, and was accompanied by a statement of the President's regrets that Gen Otis had asked, on account of his health, to be allowed to come home. As a mark of his appreciation of the good work done by Gen. Otis, the President has authorized him to select the route by which he will return, just as he did for Dewey when he came home.

While nothing like a formal agreement has been entered into or even proposed, there seems to be a sort of tacit understanding among Senators that no attempt will be made to get a vote on the Nicaragua canal treaty at the present session, and that the Nicaragua canal bill will also be allowed to go over until the next session. Several things have contributed to this understanding, not the least of which is the desire of Republicans to bring the present session of Congress to a close before the meeting of the national convention.

The bill providing a government for the territory of Hawaii is now in conference, the House having passed an amended substitute for the Senate bill.

The House will this week pass the Porto Rico bill, just as it was passed by the Senate. The large number of Republican absentees prevented this being done last week, right after the caucus with only one dissenting vote decided that it was better to pass the bill as it came from the Senate than to further amend it. Since then every unpaired Republican has been notified to return to Washington. The Democrats have also ordered all of their absentees to be on hand with the hope that enough Republicans will vote against the bill, or purposely absent themselves when the vote is taken, to enable them to defeat the bill. The Republican leaders are not at all alarmed, only they do not intend to take any chances. As soon as they are certain that they have the votes at hand to pass the bill, it will be reported from the committee on rules to vote on it the same day.

Admiral Dewey in Politics.

New York Tribune.

Admiral Dewey has added appreciably to the interest of contemporary politics. The projection of a new and unclassified candidate for the Presidency into the arena is in itself enough to attract wide attention and challenge politicians to take a fresh account of stock. When the new candidate is a man of Admiral Dewey's great reputation and interesting personality, and when, instead of being forced into a receptive attitude by popular enthusiasm or devotion to some public policy, he offers himself frankfully and joyfully on the simple strength of his own standing as a National hero, a decided spice of novelty is added to the situation.

The country is accustomed to statesmen on a hunt for the Presidency. They commonly file claims on their real or supposed training in the science of government, and promote them by the political machinery at their command as a result of long service and experience in public affairs. The country also has been accustomed to military heroes. Some have been instruments of parties wishing to trade on their popularity. Others, making parties their instruments, have put themselves forward as representatives of an idea. But Admiral Dewey is neither the instrument of a party nor the exemplar of an idea. In that respect he differs from all predecessors. His position less resembles that of Jackson or Grant than—if the comparison with the comparable may be allowed—the last mayor of Long Island City, whose motto was: "No party. No platform. Just Gleason!" The people woke up yesterday to find they had a new candidate for President, and when they asked on what ticket he would run and what principles he would represent they found it was a case of "No party. No platform. Just Dewey."

Jackson when running for President stood for something. He was the representative of the new democracy breaking away from the leading strings of the educated classes who were the founders and early administrators of the government. He was the embodiment of the pioneer spirit. Grant was as little of a politician as Dewey, as perhaps as ready, so far as opinions on ordinary questions went, to accept the principles of either party. But at the close of the civil war he stood squarely for preserving the fruits of that war, and the party which had carried it on rallied about him. Perhaps Zachary Taylor was more nearly the forerunner of Admiral Dewey's purely personal candidacy than any other President, but in his case it was a party seeking the individual instead of the individual seeking a party.

So there is something new under the sun and something uncommonly worth watching. The curiously inclined have a chance to speculate to any extent on the influences and motives which have induced the admiral to change the view which he so positively held a few months ago. There is plenty of room, too, for speculation, and as yet no room for anything else, as to the effect of this explosion on other Presidential possibilities. Will the delegates to either party convention begin bidding for the Dewey popularity asset? Will they bid against each other, and, if so, on what principle of selection will the admiral decide between them? If neither come forward, shall we have a "Just Dewey" party against them both, and would the conqueror of Manila furnish to the anti-expansionists that much sought for escape from the dilemma of the expansionist McKinley and the free silverite Bryan? While asking many questions of this kind people can also study their idolized admiral. They have known him as simple and ingenuous, and they now find him exhibiting those qualities to a degree not expected in politics. It may be taken for granted that they will think no less of him on that account, but whether or not they will think an ingenuous statesman dealing with the schemes of wily politicians as desirable as an ingenuous naval hero delighted with their appreciation is another of the problems open only to speculation.

Sam Houston's Secret.

"A mystery in which the American people were once deeply concerned was that which shadowed the life of one of the most remarkable characters of the country," writes William Perrine of "The Mysteries of the Century," in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "In 1829 Samuel Houston, or, as he called and signed himself, 'Sam' Houston, was governor of Tennessee. It was in the midst of a campaign for reelection to the gubernatorial chair that Tennessee was startled by a report that he had resigned his office. He had been married to the daughter of an influential family; three months afterward she returned to her father's house, and her husband resolved to pass the rest of his life in the wilderness.

"Houston betook himself to the tribe of Cherokees in the Indian Territory; he adopted their costume, appearing in all the trappings of an Indian brave, letting his hair grow down his back, and visiting Washington with a buckskin hunting shirt, yellow leggins, a huge blanket, and turkey feathers around his head. No one could induce him to reveal the secret of his metamorphosis and his abandonment of the ways and habits of civilization. He married again after he emerged from his Indian life, and he lived to be an old man, dying in the midst of the civil war, but no one was ever able to persuade him to unlock the mystery of his life. Nor would his first wife, who also married again, throw any light on the mystery."

The Best in the World.

We believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best in the world. A few weeks ago we suffered with a severe cold and a troublesome cough, and having read their advertisements in our own and other papers we purchased a bottle to see if it would effect us. It cured us before the bottle was more than half used. [illegible] for colds and coughs.—The Herald, Andersonville, Ind. For [illegible] by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

For Sale.

I offer for sale my store and stock of general merchandise, at Clermont, Pa., cheap for cash. This is an opportunity for the right person. Reason for sell is ill health.

LAWRENCE BAKER,
Clermont, Pa.

5-tf

La Grippe coughing often continues for months and sometimes leads to fatal results after the patient is supposed to have passed the danger point. Foley's Honey and Tar affords positive protection and security from these coughs. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Auditors' Report.

For the Borough of Smethport for the year 1899.

[illegible]

F. T. Davis, Collector, in account with Smethport Borough.

Dr.

To Estimates Auditors' Report $ 327 36 327 36

Cr.

By cash paid J. Colegrove, Treasurer [illegible]

By balance of 1897 Duplicate outstanding [illegible] 327 36

D. H. Quinlisk, Collector, in account with Smethport Borough.

Dr.

To balance Duplicate for 1898 [illegible]

Cr.

By cash paid J. Colegrove, Treasurer [illegible]

By balance on Duplicate outstanding [illegible]

J. R. Eastman, Collector, in account with Smethport Borough.

Dr.

To tax Duplicate for 1899 [illegible] 3947 90

Cr.

By cash paid J. Colegrove, Treasurer [illegible]

[illegible] 3947 90

LIABILITIES.

[illegible]

RESOURCES.

[illegible]

[illegible] Auditors.

Election Notice.

[illegible]

Notice.

[illegible]

Feb. 27, 1900.

Notice to Contractors and Builders.

[illegible]

CARPETS and RUGS

ALL THAT'S NEW GOOD AND RIGHT PRICED.

We have in stock over 50 rugs, size 9x12 feet, priced at $12, $15, $18, $20, $22, $25, $28 to $40. Full line of smaller sizes. Fillings and mattings to use with rugs. [illegible] Big bargains at 25c and 35c.

Our showing of cheap Carpets this year is the largest in the city. Prices 10c to 50c. In fine Velvets, Body Brussels, Axminsters, etc., our line is a surprise. The most beautiful colors and designs are found here.

All our patterns are private—confined to us for Olean and you are certain that everyone will not have a carpet like yours. Come in and look at our new goods. We will not "bore" you to buy.

During this week we are making a number of specials in Velvets, Brussels and Axministers at 95c made and laid. Make your selections early. We will hold and lay when wanted.

In wall Papers we have the new, neat styles at 4, 5, 6, 7½, 10c and up to $1. Our borders are sold at same low rate as papers. All our papers are selected with care, to match with our Carpets, Draperies and rugs. Have you noticed our new Grilles in window at 40 and 50c a foot.

We want you to inspect our stock before you buy. It will pay you and us.

The only Wall Paper Department on the ground floor. Prices are away down in the basement.

Andrews & Conkling,

Agents for White Sewing Machines. A Five Year Guarantee.

Olean's Big Store.

WE WILL OPEN OUR

NEW STORE

ABOUT

APRIL 10

NEW STORE.
NEW CLOTHING.
NEW PIECE GOODS.
NEW EVERYTHING.

EXCEPTING

OLD PRINCIPLE "VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY."

H. W. RUBIN & CO.

AN UP-TO-DATE CUTTER.
MERCHANT TAILORING A SPECIALTY.

New Goods at Store of D. C. Young.

Just returned from New York where I purchased a fine line of Spring Goods. All the novelties of the seasor in Dry Goods. Call and examine same

D. C. YOUNG.

SMETHPORT, PA.

PALACE PHARMACY,
BURD CHADWICK, M. D., PROP.
RETAILER & JOBBER OF
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,
TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.
SMETHPORT, PA.

TRUSSES.
All Kinds,
All Prices.

Hammar Paint $1.25

Saves 25 per cent

Guaranteed 5 years

[illegible]

Holmes & Gilfillan.
SMETHPORT.

SMOKE

SPANISH STATESMAN

5 cent Cigar.

D. Whitestone, DISTRIBUTOR Bradford, Pa.

SPRING THINGS.

There is variety here. There are the styles and qualities that we control for this section.

There are the prices that no smaller store can compete with. Our selling price is often as low as most dealers' cost price.

Come once and you'll come always.

50 Styles of Baby Cabs.

We show fifty styles of the most durable cabs that we know of. The mothers of Bradford have tested this make for 15 years and found it honest.

NEW SPRINGS. NEW PARASOL RODS
NEW BRAKES. RUBBER TIRED WHEELS.

Prices from $6.50 up. Many handsome styles.

GO CARTS—Our Go Carts have been made specially for us to meet what we have learned of your wants. One style for babies—one for the little older. All grades and prices.

House Cleaning Articles.

Absolutely everything from step ladders to tacks.

Furniture polish, varnish stains, paints in small cans, sanitary muraline.

Many times as many helps as you know of.

Rubber Paint Lasts.

For seventeen years we have sold this paint in every section around here. It outlasts common paint two or three times over. It looks better from the start, yet we have lead and oil if you prefer them. We have everything that paint stores should have. Rubber Paint, ready mixed, $1.50 per gallon.

Harness & Horse Goods.

On harness we undersell anyone that we know of. Any harness for any purpose—qualities which you cannot duplicate for near our prices. We sell everything for a horse.

Our China Room.

We have a finer china exhibit than can be found in any other city of this size. All foreign china is imported direct, saving you one-third the usual cost. We are exclusive agents for Haviland. One hundred dinner sets from $6.75 up.

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,

Emery & Weaver. BRADFORD, PA.

The Advent of a NEW SEASON

Finds us, as usual, stocked with the latest and most fascinating fashions in our several lines. Good dressers appreciate our stock, as it enables them to secure what they desire—the latest and best patterns in Gent's Furnishings—without the trouble and expense of a trip to "the city." From experience you have learned that Seger & Doyle's is the only place in town to secure:

FASHIONABLE NECKWEAR.

We are showing even a larger and more beautiful assortment than ever. A cordial invitation is extended to neckwear "cranks" to visit our store. The most fastidious people in this respect will find some pattern pleasing to them, from the lover of "loud" ties to the most sedate wearer of quiet effects. In

MEN'S CLOTHING

we are undisputed leaders in ready made styles. Easter Sunday will soon be here, and you will want a new suit to "spring" on this occasion. Come and see us, a call will convince you that all we say is true.

SEGER & DOYLE,
THE FURNISHERS.

CENTRAL BLOCK, SMETHPORT, PA.

BLIND.

What a horrible sensation you experienced when you looked upon that unfortunate man and realized his deplorable condition. Ever thought of yourself? thought that by your persistent carelessness you might some day have the same affliction? Unless by accident, blindness always comes one way—by NEGLECT. Eyes become weak; you strain them. They become weaker; you continue your carelessness; at last it is too late, your case is hopeless—no help—no cure. Come in to day. We'll examine your eyes and tell you just what is needed FREE of charge. Then if you like will supply you.

Chas. H. Robie,
Leading Optician and Jeweler.

143 N. Union St. - Olean, N. Y.

Patent Medicines

on sale at

Hogarth & Co's Store:

Miles' Remedies, Kilmers' Remedies, Chamberlain's Remedies, DeWitt's Remedies, Bucklin's Remedies, Carter's Remedies, Harter's Remedies, Hall's Remedies, Ayer's Remedies, Jaynes Remedies, Pierce's Remedies, Hand's Remedies, Kennedy's Remedies, Warner's Remedies, Fenner's Remedies, Bour's Wolley's Salve, Doan's Pills, Pink Pills, Pinkham's Pills. We also carry a line of Rubber Goods, Books, Stationery Blank Perfumes.

Call and See Us.

Nearly Opposite Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Spring 1900.

CARPETS

We call your attention to our line of carpets. Our Carpet Dept. is stocked with the latest patterns and designs in Axminsters, Tapestry, Ingrains, Hemp & Jute to be found, and prices are 20 per cent under the market.

We call special attention to our line of Jute Carpets.

Also to our line of Smyrna Rugs, which surpass anything ever brought to our city.

A new line of the latest in Muslin Underwear just received.

New goods arriving daily.

A full line of Groceries and Provisions.

Mail orders given our careful attention.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

How's Your Frame

of mind, concerning pictures? You should preserve your present likeness for coming years, if nothing else. The latest and best effects always to be found at "Ike's" studio.

Have You Any Pictures

That need framing? You can find a full assortment of stylish mouldings, &c., of the latest design here.
A nice frame beautifies and preserves a picture.
Come and look them over.

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer, Smethport, Pa.

CONTRACTORS
WE WANT TO FIGURE WITH YOU ON
Builders Material & Hardware
YOU CAN DO HERE AS WELL AS IN "THE CITY."
"PAINTERS TOO."
J. C. HAMLIN,
SMETHPORT.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1900.

Smethport, Pa.

Smethport, McKean county, Penn'a, is located in one of the richest agricultural districts in northwestern Pennsylvania, only 97 miles from Buffalo, N. Y., and 130 miles—air line—from Pittsburg, Pa.

Smethport has four lines of railroad leading direct to all the principal distributing centres, both east and west, and the great lakes.

Cheap fuel of all kinds in abundance.

In the centre of the largest and best natural gas belt in the State.

Cheap fuel oil in vast quantities.

Within six miles of large bituminous coal beds, and, on a direct line of railroad, within 30 miles of the famous Shawmut bituminous coal mines in Elk county.

Endless quantities of the best glass sandstone in the world.

Mountains of shale rock suitable for brick making.

Building stone and flagging in abundance, which can be secured cheaply.

Endless quantities of hardwood lumber, such as beech, maple, birch, elm, ash, etc.

Smethport is the county seat of McKean county, one of the richest counties in the Keystone State, contains a population at the present time of about 2,000, and is growing rapidly, has elegant public buildings, a first-class graded school, city water, natural gas for fuel and lights, four first-class hotels, and the principal industries at the present time are lumbering, two large window glass manufacturing plants, hemlock bark extract works, Backus Safety Check Hook Manufacturing Co.'s plant, with a number of other industries.

Smethport has always been considered one of the healthiest towns in the State. Contagious diseases are strangers to the town. Being located 1480 feet above the sea level the town is singularly exempted from all diseases of a contagious nature. Prospect Hill, one of the most sightly spots in the State, and probably the highest elevated land in Pennsylvania, is only three miles from the business part of the town, which affords a grand view of the finest mountain scenery to be found anywhere in America.

The borough of Smethport is located at the junction of Nunundah and Marvin creek valleys, these streams furnishing an abundance of water for all purposes.

Smethport contains many admirable sites for manufacturing plants of all descriptions.

For further particulars call on or address Smethport Board of Trade, Smethport, Pa.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Holy week.

—Vote for the lock-up.

—Bring in your job work.

—Argument court next week.

—Special election next Tuesday.

—Meeting athletic club to-night.

—Trout season opens next Monday.

—Gleason's locals change this week. Read them.

—Wanted—A first-class printer at this office at once.

—Pittsburg had a $1,350,000 fire on Saturday last.

—Cast your vote for a borough lock-up next Tuesday.

—The Turner Hose company of Olean will soon be disbanded.

—Fry & Herzog's show window is attracting much attention.

—W. W. White of East street is reported to be seriously ill.

—Material for the steel cages in the jail is expected this week.

—Many people visited Stickles' millinery opening last Saturday.

—The Bradford Flint Bottle company's works started operations Monday.

—Extensive repairs are being made on P. Ford's Church street residence.

—Work has been commenced for a new house on C. E. Barrett's lot on Mill street.

—It is the duty of every law-abiding citizen to vote for the lock-up next Tuesday.

—The time table for the Kushequa Route appears in another column of to-day's paper.

—The plans for the new school building were on exhibition at the postoffice Monday night.

—Robert Mantell will play "The Dagger and the Cross" at the Wagner opera house to-night.

—The school district advertises for bids for building the new school house in another column.

—Stickles has a red-hot ad this week that all should read. Bargains are quoted that are startling to say the least.

—Thomas Reed of Hazelhurst was committed to jail last night on the charge of incest. His daughter was the complainant.

—The usual careful musical preparations have been made in our churches for Easter Sunday.

—The Bradford Star last evening published a good picture of Street Commissioner Joe Robinson.

—Robert King has purchased the land at the corner of Hill and Green streets, from E. F. Richmond.

—The Smethport Glass company's plant has shut down, while repairs are being made on the tank.

—One of the best communications that reaches this office is the Larabee letter. It is always well written.

—Fred Watkins has accepted a position in F. G. Lindholm & Co's store. He arrived in town Saturday.

—Remember the important meeting of the athletic club this evening. All members are requested to attend.

—The new store of H. W. Rubin & Co. will be opened the latter part of this week or the first part of next.

—A Wellsboro shoe dealer is giving each baby born in that place the present year a pair of shoes free of charge.

—McKean Bros. will start their mill on Monday next. They expect to run the mill steady until it freezes up this fall.

—The Palace Pharmacy, Burg Chadwick, M. D., proprietor, has a new ad this week to which your attention is directed.

—Mrs. E. G. Carter has a change of advertisement this week telling you of many pretty and serviceable articles. Read it.

—Shillenn & Torrence have a change in their advertisement to-day. This popular firm is meeting with well deserved success.

—James A. McKean is making extensive repairs on his residence. Carl Sasse's artistic painters are decorating the house both inside and out.

—Samuel Bloomburg is excavating for the cellar of a new house on West Main street. Mr. B. will have his house rushed to completion.

—A. E. Stickles, the Racket man, is rejoicing over the arrival of twins—a boy and a girl—at his home in East Smethport on Tuesday.

—Read the broad gauge adv. of the Spanish Statesman cigar in another column. This cigar has gained a first-class reputation in this section.

—Miss Clara Pearl Watson was married to Mr. Silas M. Ford of St. Paul, Minn., yesterday at the home of the bride's parents in Bradford.

—Last week's Easter number of the Coudersport Enterprise was a "bluger." The subscribers to that paper certainly get "all that's a coming to them."

—One of the neatest barber signs in the state is the one that graces the front of J. E. Mundy's shop. "Gale" Ferris was the artistic decorator of the same.

—Landlord James Maguire is still at work improving the the Central. When all repairs are completed "Jim" will not have to take a back seat for any of them.

—Mrs. Carrie Reilly Clark & Co. advertise their spring and summer millinery opening in to-day's MINER. Don't fail to read what this reliable firm has to offer.

—Murl Backus had the end of his little finger on his left hand crushed in a power press at the Backus Check-Hook works this morning. Dr. Clark attended the injury.

—Mrs. W. V. Provin purchased of James A. McKean on Saturday last the lot on the corner of Main and Pine streets and will build a residence thereon during the summer.

—The scenes on our streets Monday should arouse every peace loving citizen to see the necessity of a lock-up. Remember we vote on the lock-up question on Tuesday next.

—L. Emery, Jr., & Co. have an interesting ad in to-day's issue that is worth your time to carefully read. The Great Supply House tells you about some seasonable goods. Don't fail to read it.

—A. Miller & Son, dealers in building material, of Bradford have a new advertisement to-day's issue which should interest all intending to build this spring. Read the advertisement; it is of interest to all.

—An alarm of fire Saturday brought out the hose boys in "jig time." A bonfire near East Smethport was the cause, and word was received in time to save the hose boys a long run. "Great excitement prevailed."

—Lajoie, claimed by many to be the greatest baseball player in the world, has started the season in winning form. The Philadelphia club is fortunate in having this man. He greatly increases their pennant chances.

—Bolivar Breeze: The Shawmut line surveyors are placing the final stakes for the grade between Bolivar and the W. N. Y. & P. railroad at the lower end of the Oswaya valley, about half way between Ceres and Olean.

—The school district election for increasing the indebtedness for the purpose of building a new school house was carried by a vote of 134 to 5. This shows that our citizens are strongly in favor of the upbuilding of the town.

—As the public schools close late this year teachers have the opportunity to continue their studies at the Clarion normal school until August, thus affording them a sufficiently long term to make it worth their while to enter.

—Miss Ellie Backer and Mr. Ernest Briggs of Boston, Mass., were married Saturday. The bride has many Smethport friends who will be interested in the announcement of her marriage. She has, at different times, visited here.

—The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R., has moved its repair shop from Hazelhurst to Smethport, and in conversation with the obliging station agent, W. P. Malhern, he said the road was doing an excellent passenger business.

—Bob McKelrney and Henry Brown the negro murders, were executed at Greenville, Texas, Tuesday. When sentenced both asked for a deck of cards and declined the offer of a bible. McKeirney murdered a negro man and woman and Brown murdered his wife.

—The recent death of little Freda Pergnee of Belleville, Ill., should be a warning to children who skip the rope "to beat the record." It is extremely violent exercise, as is evidenced by the fact that some pugilists use this exercise to a great extent in getting into form.

—Oscar Dodge, an inmate of the county poor house, died Saturday morning last. The funeral and burial was held Sunday, Rev. L. T. Walker officiating. Mr. Dodge had been a resident at the farm for fifteen years. He came there from Kendall Creek.

—List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending April 7, 1900: Henning Anderson, Chas. Bradley, G. H. Booth, H. Bard, Jno. Berkuist, Albert Carpenter, Jno. Dent, Jno. W. Gaskin, Jno. W. Greene, C. A. Gross, Clint Hall, Harry Johnson, Clyde Myers, E. H. Refowley, J. H. Redmond, Albert Scott, F. C. Stickles, A. J. Standlish, Henry Thompson, E. E. Van Natter, F. M. Watkins,

—Watch for new ad. of L. K. Hogarth & Co. Their store is open day and night.

—Genevieve, the eighteen-months-old daughter of Patrick McGill of Farmers Valley, died Sunday morning last after a short illness. The funeral was held Tuesday at St. Elizabeth's church, Smethport.

—Fred H. Hungiville of Dallas City, an employe in the Backus Check-Hook factory in this place, had one of his fingers badly smashed Tuesday forenoon. He was feeding small steel articles into a foot press, and accidentally shoved the first finger of his left hand into the press. Dr. Brown attended the sufferer.

—Everybody can have beautiful Easter lilies next Sunday without charge, for the Philadelphia Sunday Press announces that every reader of the Easter number will receive free a splendid picture of Easter lilies. The picture is by a famous artist in ten colors and is 11x16 inches in size. It will not be creased by folding.

—Ralph, the 8 year-old son of Byron Badger, of East street, met with a serious mishap while at play one day last week. A 14 year-old playmate struck him a severe blow on the ear with a large stick, which cut that member severely and caused the boy's hearing to become defective. It is hoped that the injury is only temporarily.

—At an early hour last Friday morning a lumber camp near Wilcox, in which fourteen men were sleeping, took fire, and before it was discovered many of the men were overcome by smoke. It was supposed that all had been carried out, but when the camp was burned to the ground the charred remains of Ross Fitzgerald, of Clarion county, were found in the ashes.

—Before you vote against a lock-up next Tuesday remember that we have no place in which to store the violators of the peace and that our police can only use argument after nine o'clock in the evening. Unless we have a lock-up Smethport will soon have the reputation of being the most lawless town in the state. Under no consideration let the lock-up question be voted down next Tuesday.

—Monday afternoon two young men became grievously offended at each other and agreed to "fistically" settle the matter. Followed by a large crowd of expectant spectators they sought the seclusion of an alley and stripped for action. The first round was hardly launched upon the public when a clinch ensued, during which the combatants actually kissed and made up, and the Hobsonized spectators strolled sadly away.

—A local oil man who has been at Gaines since the reported 500 barrel gusher was announced, states that the well has been greatly exaggerated. It is down about 500 feet and a new sand, one not before known to the Gaines field, was found and, while the real production is not known yet, the first report must be reduced. The oil is of a different quality than the usual Gaines field product. The gusher is called a freak.—Olean Times.

—An exchange says: It will soon be the time of year for spring forest fires to break out and the constables of the county, who under the new act as fire wardens, will be kept busy if there are any persons reckless enough to start a blaze in the woods and there always are. This law was first in force in 1898. The fire wardens get fifteen cents an hour, and their assistants, twelve cents an hour. The state pays half the cost for fighting fires until it amounts to $1,000 to the county.

—Thursday evening last was an enjoyable occasion for Knights of the Maccabees. A large delegation of visitors from Crosby and representatives from other tents, were guests of the Smethport knights. After an interesting meeting at the lodge rooms the company repaired to the Commercial House, where a banquet was tendered them. Great Commander T. H. Lawry was in attendance and made an eloquent address on "Fraternity." The guests were very well pleased with their entertainment.

—A Newerf correspondent says: On Tuesday, April 3rd, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. Mart W. Grinolds of Port Allegany, and Miss Annie L. Marsh of Newerf, in the presence of a number of friends, were united in marriage by Rev. F. Roulo of Portville, N. Y. Quite a number of useful and pretty gifts were received. Immediately after the ceremony the guests partook of a bountiful repast, after which the happy couple started on their wedding tour. May they have a long and happy life.

—No clue has as yet been obtained to the daring robbery committed at the P., S. & N. railway station last Thursday night, when money to the amount of thirty dollars and goods valued at as much more were taken. It is generally believed the village is harboring some clever crooks who have found employment here and ply their art as a side line. No doubt the Thompson job and last Thursday's work was done by the same parties. It is hoped that the sleuths now working upon the case may bring something to light.—Hazelhurst cor. to Mt. Jewett News.

—Even the great railroad systems practice economy, an order has gone into effect on the Erie, says an exchange, compelling employes to save all waste paper. This will be collected at the end of a certain period and sold to junk dealers. Envelopes that have been used are to be kept for figuring and no more pencil tablets are to be issued. Empty ink bottles that were formerly thrown away are to be sent back to the supplies department and refilled and shipping cases formerly broken up for kindling wood are saved and shipped to a certain point, where they are used again to ship supplies.

—Sheriff W. B. Clarke went to Albany last week and secured requisition papers for the purpose of bringing Chas. Colburn into this state. N. R. Bard, of Port Allegany recently cashed a check for Colburn drawn on the Exchange National Bank of Olean and signed and endorsed in the name of T. M. Hunter. The check called for $53.50 and was discovered to be a forgery. Colburn was arrested in Olean and sent to Little Valley jail, pending the action of McKean county officials. Colburn was brought to Smethport Thursday and after a hearing before 'Squire Knapp, was committed to jail in default of bail.

—The Riverside Hotel at Riverside, together with its contents, was totally destroyed by fire at 7:25 p. m., Tuesday night. The family and guests were at supper when the fire broke out, presumably from the explosion of a kerosene lamp in the kitchen. The fire communicated to other parts of the hotel so quickly that there was no time to save anything in the house. Over the telephone Mr. Sutherland told the Era that he managed to save the suit he had on his back and a law suit, and would rebuild the hotel. The loss is estimated at $3,000 with not a cent of insurance. Thirty minutes after the fire started the hotel was burned to the ground. The building used as a barroom, just west of the hotel structure was also destroyed with the stock of liquor and cigars.—Bradford Era.

The Churches.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.
REV. DAY, Pastor.

Easter Sunday.

The first Celebration with special offertory at 7:30 a. m.

Matins at 10 a. m.

High Celebration with special offertory at 10:30 a. m.

Vespers with the united choirs and the children's special offertory for missions at 7:30 p. m.

ALL SAINTS' CHAPEL.

Evensong with sermon at 2:30 p. m. Sunday School at 3:15 p. m.

ST. ELIZABETH'S CHURCH.
REV. FATHER COSGROVE, Pastor.
REV. FATHER [illegible], Assistant.

Mass at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School 3:00 p. m. Vespers and Benediction at 7:30.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
REV. DR. WALKER, Pastor.

At 10:30 a. m.—An Easter sermon. The annual offering for missions will be made.

At 7:30 subject: "St. John as the Close Companion of Christ."

At 6:30 a. m.—A sunrise meeting led by Mr. G. W. McFall.

The Sunday school will make its usual offerings for missions at its regular session, 12:15 a. m.

Appropriate Easter music will be rendered by the choir.

Subject for this evening, 7:30 p. m.—"The Last Supper."

Friday evening, 7:30 p. m.—"The Trial and the Cross."

Rev. Dr. Walker of the Methodist Episcopal church is observing Passion week by holding services four evenings.

SWEDISH MISSION CHURCH.
REV. NORBEEN, Pastor.

Services as usual next Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
REV. T. D. WARE, Pastor.

The Baptist congregation will hold their first services in the main auditorium next Sunday morning and evening; the morning subject will be "The Resurrection."

Owing to a disappointment in securing help the dedication will be postponed for the present.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN CHURCH.
REV. NORBEEN, Pastor.

Services next Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Prayer meeting Tuesday night.

Suicide at Bradford.

A man named W. N. Shipman of Fredonia committed suicide in the St. James hotel last Thursday by shooting himself through the head. He had been dead about three hours when the clerk and other employés of the hotel forced their way into his room. The following letter addressed to his wife, was found in the room:

Bradford, Pa., 4-4, 1900.

My Dear Wife:—I have just taken a fatal dose of morphine. Oh! forgive me for what I have done. It is better for all concerned. I am no good to you or anyone else. I came to Bradford, Pa., just one week ago. There is a few more bills I wish you would settle—Frank Ball, $1.60 for mileage here; R. G. Kelley, 8 Petrolia street, Bradford, $2; C. G. Murphy, Erie hotel, $2; Al Hopkins, of Salamanca, $1.25. If you get your insurance please pay those. Good-bye, with love and a kiss, I remain your lost hubby. W. N. SHIPMAN.

A search of the room was made and an empty morphine bottle was found under the bed. It is thought by the letter that he took the morphine Wednesday night after going to his room, but that he took an overdose that only made him sick. Then, seeing that his plans had failed he resorted to the revolver, and did not make a failure.

Coroner Sherman decided that an inquest was not necessary.

Communicated.

EDITOR MINER:—Will you permit an addition to the very kind notice, given in your last issue, of the public meeting at which the principal feature was Dr. Young's paper on "Heredity and Alcoholism."

The meeting was under the auspices of the "Department of Mothers' Work," ably conducted by Mrs C. C. Baker and Mrs. H. Biever.

Thanking you for the support always extended, I am Sincerely yours,
S. A. SCULL, Pres.

Begin in the Right Way.

Success Comes to Those Who Begin Early to Save Some of Their Earnings.

The Pittsburg Bank for Savings, No. 210 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., pays 4 per cent. interest on time deposits, compounded twice a year, which, with its security, is a very material assistance to early saving efforts. You can deposit by mail safely in this bank. It is an effective system and a time-saver for depositors living outside of Pittsburg who appreciate the opportunity offered by this institution. A booklet describing how to bank by mail will be sent on application.

Free to Inventors.

The experience of C. A. Snow & Co. in obtaining more than 20,000 patents for inventors has enabled them to helpfully answer many questions relating to the protection of intellectual property. This they have done in a pamphlet treating briefly of United States and foreign patents, with cost of same, and how to procure them; trade marks, designs, caveats, infringements, decisions in leading patent cases, etc., etc.

This pamphlet will be sent free to anyone writing to C. A. Snow & Co., Washington, D. C.

If troubled with rheumatism give Chamberlain's Pain Balm a trial. It will not cost you a cent if it does no good. One application will relieve the pain. It also cures sprains and bruises in one third the time required by any other treatment. Cuts, burns, frostbites, quinsy, pains in the side and chest, glandular and other swellings are quickly cured by applying it. Every bottle warranted. Price 25 and 50 cts. L. K. Hogarth & Co., druggists.

Before you take that trip buy one of the Vive Magazine or Ray cameras. They are pleasant companions and only tell of the pleasant side of your outing when you get home. "Ike" Gleason sells them.

You Want One.

One of the Vive Magazine or Ray cameras. They are the best made in the world to-day. R. C. Gleason, the photographer sells them.

I have returned from the city and now have a new stock of millinery, which the public is invited to call and inspect. Soliciting a share of the patronage, I am sincerely yours, MISS E. F. DOYLE.

For Sale.

The Sprague brick building at corner of Main and Fulton streets. Inquire of W. D. Gallup or write Mrs. Emma J. Sprague, Buffalo, N. Y.

L. K. Hogarth & Co. have about 50 beautiful gold fish for sale. They are beauts and no mistake. Come early and secure first choice. tf

Everything in lumber, hardware, paints, glass. We have it—ask if you are building. HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Commencing April 1st, 1900, the drug store of L. K. Hogarth & Co. will be open night and day.

Have you heard the story? "Once upon a time"—but "Ike," the photographer tells the story best.

Hammar Paint is the best and saves you money. HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Brick, lime, cements, tar roofing, roof coating at HOLMES & GILFILLAN'S.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. F. R. Mayo visited Eldred over Sunday.

Fred A. Miller was a pleasant caller Tuesday.

S. W. Smith of Port Allegany was in town Monday.

B. B. Ellis of Kane had business in town Tuesday.

Dr. McKenzie of Hazelhurst was in town Tuesday.

Miss Julia Schott of Olean visited in town this week.

Miss Josie Holder visited Bradford friends over Sunday.

A. D. Doyle went to Bradford last evening on business.

W. W. Moffatt of Kane attended the convention on Tuesday.

J. J. Downs of Colegrove favored the MINER with a call Wednesday.

W. T. Seger and wife spent Sunday with his parents in Emporium.

Editor A. D. Gould of the Eldred Eagle was a welcome caller Tuesday.

Mrs. E. B. McCoy of Mt. Jewett was the guest of Mrs. G. C. Chase over Sunday.

Editor Swisher of the Mt. Jewett was in attendance at the convention Tuesday.

B. L. Knapp returned from St. Louis Thursday last well pleased with his visit.

Mrs. Stanley Keesler of Mt. Alton visited Mr. and Mrs. John Haley over Sunday.

E. W. Strong went to Friendship Saturday and visited his parents over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest returned home Saturday night from their southern trip.

Hon A. F. Bannon of Bradford was greeting his many friends in town Tuesday.

Chas. L. English of Morrison was in town Tuesday. He favored the MINER with a call.

Miss Johnson of Buffalo, head trimmer for Carrie Reilly Clark & Co., has resumed her duties.

J. C. Breneman of Hazelhurst came down to see that the convention was properly conducted.

C. A. Lambart, J. L. Ward and Editor Bartle were spectators at the convention on Tuesday.

Wm. Uper, the accommodating clerk at Wells' drug store, is visiting relatives and friends in Canada this week.

John Gibbs and John Curtis, two prominent citizens of Ludlow, were pleasant callers at this office Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Hamlin, Miss Grace McCoy and Horace Redfield went to Buffalo last Thursday to see Irving.

G. B. Mayo went to Bradford Friday night and spoke before the Pompelon Club. His address was highly spoken of.

M. M. Coleman of Glenn Falls, N. Y., was greeting his many friends in town Tuesday and Wednesday after an absence of four years.

Hazelhurst personals from Mt. Jewett News: Prothonotary Mitchell of the county seat was a caller Monday. * * Mrs. Sidney Barnett of Smethport was visiting in the village Tuesday.

Mrs. G. C. Wise of Smethport, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Tothill of N. Sixth St., returned home yesterday. * * Mrs. J. Berryman of Fulton St., has gone to Colegrove, Pa., where her husband is suffering from a severe attack of pleurisy. * * Mrs. Dr. Chadwick and Mrs. Nixon of Smethport, were Olean visitors yesterday.—Olean Times, Friday.

Capt. E. R. Mayo was down from Smethport Tuesday, looking after some of his legal business. * * J. B. Eastman and wife and Miss Dorothy of Smethport were visiting at the home of A. N. Squires a few days this week. * * George Sartwell came up from Olean Saturday, where he has been rusticating for the past two or three months and stopped off to visit a short time with the family of C. L. Sartwell, before going on to his home at Smethport, in time to do his spring farming.—Eldred Eagle.

Port Allegany Press: Our old comrade, A. H. Pierce of Smethport called on us while in town to-day. * * Oscar Engstrom of the County Seat was in the city on Monday, a guest of the Hotel Connolly. * * Rev. Father Cosgrove of Smethport was among Port Allegany friends the latter part of the week. * * Mrs. Guy Gifford of Smethport is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Starkweather. * * Commissioner Thos. Hungiville and Superintendent T. H. Ryan were over from Smethport on business last Saturday. * * D. C. Young and Dr. F. R. Young of Smethport were seen on our streets Monday afternoon.

SPRING GOODS.

Our Spring Goods have arrived we are showing latest in the following:

Manilla Cords. Lace Effect White Goods.
Alliance Cords. Batiste in Stripes.
Corded Muslins. Lawns and Percales.
[illegible] Dimitys. Linen Skirting.
Emb. Swiss Dots. Shirt Waists.

You will find our stock well filled with new seasonable goods. Call and ask to see them.

Ladies' Spring Wrappers and Summer underwear all prices, sizes and styles. New Linings. New Skirtings. New Shirt Waist goods, cannot be told from silk.

Groceries, Groceries.

Try Malt Breakfast Food, something entirely new and very fine.

Jell-o takes the lead now for a dainty dessert.

Try Lilly of the Valley Peas, no better ever canned.

Try Oscar Sauce for cold meats. Best ever produced.

Can Beets are very fine. Try them.

Try Uncle Jerry Pancake flour, composed of rice, wheat, corn and potatoes.

J. COLEGROVE.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Correspondence.

LARABEE.

The annual moving season is on, and our people have been in an unsettled state for the past week, and as a consequence many changes of location have taken place. Fred Dickenson moved his family to Sartwell. Andrew Isborg domiciled his people nearer the heart of the city and H. A. Smith came down from Coryville to occupy the house Mr. Isborg vacated. Mr. Moore from Stulltown is located in one of E. H. Carpenter's houses at the north end of the town, and Mr. Cummings from the same place occupies the house vacated by John Magee who left for Canadea, N. Y. Geo Turner goes to Yorkshire, N. Y. Mr. Blake goes to Sartwell and Patrick Driscoll moves up from Olean, N. Y. to his home here next week.

Two of our Larabee boys are on their way to the Philippines in the service of Uncle Sam. Geo. Carmody left with a company of New York volunteers via New York, and Robert Blake from Minnesota via San Francisco. The best wishes of our people follow them.

Mrs. Mae Winnison and daughter, Hazel, of Clermont have been spending some days at the home of Mrs. W. E. Winnsor.

W. H. Prentiss came over from Prentiss Vale Saturday evening and gave our band boys a lift in their music practice.

Mrs. E. C. Hazzard was called to Millgrove, N. Y., Monday by the death of her mother, Mrs. Ackermann.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Foster are down from Newerf and will spend some weeks at their residence here in town.

Mrs. C. L. Wilcox and daughter, Edna, of Smethport visited at Chas. Canning's the latter part of the week.

E. A. Freitag spent Sunday with his people at Tonawanda, N. Y., returning Monday morning.

A new boy of the regulation size appeared at the home of Fred Dickenson on Tuesday evening last.

Attorney S. W. Smith of Port Allegany passed through town Monday enroute for the county seat.

Miss Mary Simpson of Turtle Point and Miss Elizabeth Moses of Eldred were in town Tuesday.

Eugene Crandall of Clermont was greeting his many friends in town one day last week.

Mrs. Wm. Windsor and Mrs. Chas. Foster were in Eldred on a business mission Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Washburn of Coryville visited their daughter, Mrs. Albert Rice on Friday.

Mrs. Hyde Rice and Mrs. Lawrence of Eldred were calling on friends in town Saturday.

Mrs. F. C. Crandall and daughter, Cecil, are visiting relatives in Holland, N. Y.

Justice Ed Carpenter was transacting business in Kane Tuesday.

Miss Bertha Wilmarth of Eldred was in town Saturday.

Joseph Driscoll of Olean is visiting friends in town.

FARMERS VALLEY.

Genevieve, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. McGill died Sunday morning of pneumonia, after a sickness of several weeks. She was a bright though frail little blossom, and had endeared herself to many during her short life. The family has the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

On Wednesday last Mrs. J. C. Stull was taken very ill with what proved to be neuralgia of the stomach and bowels. Dr. Clark was summoned and did all he could for her relief. She is much better.

A pleasant surprise party was given Ella Young at D. W. Derby's on Wednesday evening, it being near the close of her school. Maple sugar was served and a good time enjoyed by all present.

Dr. H. L. McCoy was called on Sunday to attend the infant child of Ellie Donnelly. He pronounced the illness to be pneumonia. The child is alive at this writing, but very low.

School is out and the children are happy, but not so the parents who have to look after these youngsters, who ought to be in school at least two months yet.

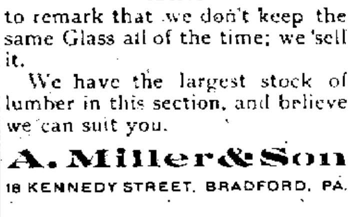
Alice Stull has returned from her visit to Mansfield and Alfred, and reports a very enjoyable visit.

Rev. D. Dunbar was called to Odin to hold quarterly meeting April 7, 8.

Miss Maud Moser is home from Smethport for a few days.

Spring is here with the usual amount of sickness.

Running sores, ulcers, boils, pimples, etc., quickly cured by Banner Salve, the most healing salve in the world. No other "just as good." L. K. Hogarth & Co.



Everything about the country seems to be prospering to-day; work is plenty, money is plenty, and with us Building Material is plenty. We have been told that

On the whole, prices were advancing, but as we have a good stock we are not worrying, and you need not worry either. We are always willing to sell at a small margin of profit.

The Assortment that we carry compels us to keep on hand a large stock, and it comprises almost everything in the Building Material line. We can fit you out with anything you need. Do we keep Glass? Well, we should

Rise to remark that we don't keep the same Glass all of the time; we sell it.

We have the largest stock of lumber in this section, and believe we can suit you.

A. Miller & Son
18 KENNEDY STREET, BRADFORD, PA.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
The Leading JEWELER
and dealer in
WATCHES
CLOCKS
NOVELTIES
FINE JEWELRY
SPORTING GOODS

Having procured the services of H. M. Smith, practical watchmaker, optician and jeweler, I am prepared to do all kinds of watch and jewelry repair work and guarantee satisfaction. Bring in your Watches, clocks and jewelry and get in line for the opening of our new railroad Nov. 1st.

JONES & CHURCH
dealers in
Fresh and Salt Meats, Poultry, Fish and Vegetables

We pay the highest cash price for fat stock, poultry, hides and pelts. Give us a call.

Main St. Smethport, Pa.

We Want Your Trade.

an exquisite line of

Neckwear,
Shirts,
Hossiery,
Hats.
Underwear,

A Full Assortment of Dent's and Fown's Celebrated Dress and Walking ....Gloves....

Also an immense line of fine and medium grade umbrellas for ladies or gentlemen. We call special attention to our beautiful stock of Children's Reefers, Blouse Suits and Top Overcoats.

Men's and Boy's Suits and Overcoats.

All New Goods. Prices the Lowest.

IKE SIMONS,
46 Main St. Bradford, Pa.

MRS. E. G. CARTER,

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Etc.

NEW STYLES JUST RECEIVED AND MORE COMING NEARLY EVERY DAY

No use in going off to buy your goods when you can buy better and cheaper goods at home. I can sell you anything in this line at prices that defy competition and give you the best quality of goods.

If you want a Watch—any kind from the smallest Chatelain fancy case, to the largest 18th size of any quality or price—I have them for you and prices will suit you.

Do you want a Diamond Ring, or any kind or style of Rings. I have them at all prices.

Emblem pins, all styles and patterns. Look at them. Prices right.

Solid Silver, Sterling fine, in Spoons and Fancy pieces. Also Silver Novelties—Various styles. Very low prices.

Silver Tea Sets of the Best Plated Ware Rogers Brothers—1847. Spoons, Forks and Knives. Everybody knows that these goods are the best. Clocks of many styles and low prices. A good line of spectacles that will fit your eyes.

Watch, Clock and Repair Work of the best quality and low prices warranted.

I want your patronage and will give you prices to merit it.

Carter's Jewelry Store.
CALLAR BLOCK,
OPP ST. ELIZABETH'S CHURCH.

What Next!!

WONDERS NEVER CEASE

THAT O'L FOOL OV A RACKET MAN HAZ BROKEN LOOSE AGAIN

And now he is selling 1 lb. Lion Coffee 2 each customer at 10c lb. He dam fool. He know not a leedle bit noddings. He vill soon gif avay gold dollars.

He also sells De Land's Saleratus at 4c package. Also 10 oz can best Baking Powder at 10c can. Best Corn Starch 5c package. Best Gloss Starch 6c package. 1 lb. package any kind of ground Spices 8c. Best Boneless Salt Pork 8c lb. Best Granulated Sugar 5½c lb. Best 75c Tea goes at 48c lb. Choice Basket Fired Japan Tea 40c lb or 3 lbs $1. Early June Peas 7c can. Best solid meat Tomatoes 9c or 3 for 25c. 4 lbs best fresh baked Soda Crackers 25c.

These Old Time credit men are scared over such low prices and R 2-day doing what they can 2 injure the O'l Man Racket, but when they and their allies go just far enuff U al wil hear from him. I do not stab my neighbors in the back on the sly, but I wish them all well and like 2 C them prosper.

A new supply of Fresh Candies and Crackers rec'd. to-day. Kopper & Tin bilers below cost of manufacture. Also nickled T and Coffee pots and T. kettles. Cloth & Felt spring roller Shades 12 and 30c each. A large assortment of No. 1 Mirrors 12 to 90c each. Men's hickory overalls 25c. Outside Shirts 25c to $1 each. Also new lot of night gowns 75c to $1.30. Underskirts 98c and $1.10. New lot of Hose and 5 & 10c towels.

A. E. Stickles,
SPRAGUE BLOCK,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

Full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness. All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

FRY & HERZOG
CASH STORE.
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3 for 50c Black Hose for Boys.

25c Fancy Hose for children.

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6c CALICOS.
5c CALICOS.
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$1.00 CORSETS.
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This Season we have purchased an unusually large and stylish line of MILLINERY and are prepared to show our customers the finest in

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Are better prepared than ever to fill your wants in their line. Their stock is full and complete. Their prices at rock-bottom.
Do not fail to give them a call.
UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

MY LADY'S GOWN.

My lady's gown is gray and soft,
So like her eyes
That from its silken folds there comes
A hint of paradise.
I hold it close against my heart—
My lady's gown.

The while she hummed a little song
I saw her lay
This bit of lace around her throat;
Dear eyes of gray
So serious in fashioning
My lady's gown.

My lady's gown is folded now;
The knot of blue
Upon her breast is passing sweet
With lavender and rue;
It brings me dreams of bygone days—
My lady's gown.

Today I see the little gown
With brimming eyes,
For out beneath the grass grown hill
My lady lies,
And with despairing sobs I kiss
My lady's gown.
—Myrtle Reed in Munsey's.

THE SECOND ACT.

The Delusion of a Student of Egyptian Antiquities.

BY OWEN OLIVER.

"Dr. Strange has told you of my delusion," he said, with an unmirthful smile. "Let us start from the delusion. I cannot very well tell my story in any other way."

He pushed his papers aside, leaned back in the cozy reading chair and folded his hands. This is the story:

Four thousand years ago, when men worshiped God under the name of Osiris and Isis, I was Amenemhat IV, king in Kem, which you call Egypt. My conquests and learning are graven upon the great tablets, but the scribes left unsaid what should be unsaid. Therefore you will seek in vain for mention of Numidea, the slave.

Felix, the trader, brought her from over the Mediterranean. When she stood before me, with flushed cheeks and with tears in her pale blue eyes, "Kill me, if thou wilt, O king," she said tauntingly, "for in truth I love thee not at all!" A whole month I wooed her, disdaining force, and she said no more. Then she cast her eyes upon Kales, the captain of the guard, and cared less than ever for me.

"Take her to the deathsmen," I commanded. "In the morning she shall die." Lest I should break a king's word I rode to the great temple far away. But I could not sleep for the thought of her great blue eyes, wide with fear. So I rose and bade them harness the swiftest horses to the lightest chariot, and Charmicles drove for me, whose hand was lightest upon the reins. All the night we sped in the moonlight, with the sand flying in long clouds behind us and the great pyramid scowling upon us from afar.

"If thou lovedst a slave, Charmicles," I asked, "and she loved not thee?"

"If I loved her a little," he said, "haply she would perish, O lord."

"And if thou lovedst her much?" He looked at the moon fleeting through the clouds for a long time, and his face grew sad.

"If I loved her enough, O King, perchance I should set her free."

I covered my head in my robe and said nothing. Was I not racing the flying hours to open her prison doors?

Ra, the sun god, sprang up and laughed upon the land, and Charmicles wiped the sweat from his brow and ceased to strike the horses as they panted and struggled to the base of the great pyramid, where the prison was.

And, behold, they had tortured her, and she had died in the night!

So I went back to the temple and dwelt alone. Presently I made a spell, from my arts, that I might be reborn when she was reborn, and another spell that I died and none knew why. So I fell asleep and slept 4,000 years. * * *

When I was newborn a child, I knew none of these things, but one by one they came back to me.

One evening my father held me upon his knee and showed me a quaint picture book, and I trembled with vague remembrance.

"This is how people drew in Egypt thousands of yesterdays ago," he said. "The lines are all straight, because they were cut upon stone. See, these are archers, and these are horses, and this looks like a big bull."

I touched the figure of Apis reverently with my hand.

"This," I said, "is a god."

After leaving school I devoted myself to Egyptian antiquities. They seemed to present no difficulty to me, and I soon made a great name.

Then I met Nerissa, and for awhile I studied no more. There was no one, nothing else in all the world that mattered the least to me. I became her accepted lover, and for a few months I lived in paradise.

After this I had a strong fever. In the dreams and delirium the past came back to me, and when I was well again I remembered. I was Amenemhat and she was Numidea, the blue eyed slave. As I had ordered by the spell, I was reborn to live with her again. Kales, her lover, had known no spells, I told myself. So he was in the future or the past, perhaps by 1,000 years, as the gods had ordered, and she was not for him, but for me. The thought of her wrong in the past made me wondrously tender of her, and she was always gentle. Yet I tortured myself that she did not love me as I loved her. "When we are married, it will come," I told myself. "It shall come."

One day in the spring we were sitting together. Rupert had come home on a furlough from his regiment in India and came first to see me. They looked at one another for a long time. There was remembrance in their eyes. Fool that I had been to think myself wiser than the gods! He was Kales.

After that they seemed always meeting. The light leaped into their faces when they saw each other. They looked wistfully backward when they parted. I entreated Nerissa to hasten our wedding day, but she tearfully refused.

"Suppose," she said, "that we had made a mistake after all. Sometimes I think"— She paused here, and when I questioned her she was silent.

One evening I went slowly into her boudoir and heard them talking passionately. I lingered behind a great screen. It was an unworthy thing to do, but I would have done worse, far worse, for love of her.

"You love me!" he said trimphantly. "You love me! You are mine by right, Nerissa, my dear."

"Hush!" she sobbed. "Hush! I am his—your friend's! I promised!"

"You do not love him! You cannot love him!"

"Oh, I have tried!" she cried. Then he took her in his arms and comforted her—he who had been my friend.

I went stealthily away. But when her lover was gone I returned, intending to bury my dagger in her heart.

Then the words of Charmicles, the charioteer, came back to me—"If I loved her enough, O king, perchance I should set her free."

I snapped the dagger before her and threw the pieces away.

"I—I came to kill you!" I said. Then I fled into the street. People leaped aside from my path as I sped along to my old friend, Dr. Strange.

"Put me away," I demanded, "or some day I shall kill her! I am mad!" So they put me away.

That is ten years ago. I have staid here since, except twice, when they have taken me to Egypt for some researches. I am seeking for the spell. Soon I shall find it. Then I shall sleep—to wake again. This time she loved me a little. There will be a third act, and—who knows?

He dropped his head in his hands and was silent. I left him thus.

"A sad case," said the doctor; "a very sad case—homicidal mania, complicated with the delusion that he is an ancient king. It is a thousand pities. He is the authority of the century on Egyptian antiquities, you know, and on most points as sane as you or I."

I said nothing. I was thinking of his dark, wise face and the things he had said. A month later he sent me a note to announce that he had recovered the spell. The next day I heard that he was mysteriously dead. The second act was closed, and the curtain would not ring up for another 4,000 years.—Madame.

Not a "Pompous Prelate."

Bishop Gallor, at a banquet at which the bishop of Kentucky was present, told this story on the latter gentleman:

"In one of the backwoods towns of Kentucky," said Bishop Gallor, "the pastor of the Baptist church gave out this notice before the sermon one Sunday morning:

"'I am told and have been partially convinced,' he said, 'that it is my Christian duty to give the following notice—to wit: That a man who styles himself "bishop of Kentucky" is about to visit this town and will hold forth in the courthouse on Wednesday evening. I desire to add, however, my brethren, that, in the humble opinion of your pastor, the place for members of this congregation on Wednesday night will be in this place listening to your own pastor rather than listening to the words of that pompous prelate at the courthouse.'

"On the following Thursday morning the Baptist went out upon the street seeking for some of his congregation who had not been at the Wednesday evening meeting. The first one he found was a deacon.

"'Well, deacon,' he asked, 'were you to the courthouse last night?'

"'Yes,' said the deacon.

"'I trust,' said the parson, with some irony in his tone, 'you were edified by the words of the pompous prelate.'

"'Now, looky here, parson,' said the deacon, 'that man ain't no pompous prelate; no such thing. He's just as common as there is. What do you reckon he did? He preached in his shirt sleeves!'"—Indianapolis Sentinel.

An Inimitable Feat.

The sailors of three men-of-war, American, French and British, while in the same harbor, were competing with each other for the best display of seamanship. A Yankee went to the top of the mainmast and stood there with an arm extended. A Frenchman then went aloft and extended both arms.

An Irishman on board the British ship thought if he could stand there with a leg and an arm extended he would be declared the most daring sailor. Nimbly he mounted to the highest point and attempted to do so, but at the last moment lost his balance and fell through the rigging toward the deck.

The various ropes against which he came in contact broke his fall, and when near the deck he succeeded in grasping a rope. To this he hung for a couple of seconds and then dropped lightly on the deck, landing safely on his feet.

Folding his arms triumphantly, as if it were all in the programme, he glanced toward the rival ships and joyously exclaimed:

"There, you frog eating and pig sticking foreigners, beat that if you can!"—Collier's Weekly.

Legend of the Violin.

An ancient legend tells us that one day as Orpheus, son of Apollo and the muse Calliope, was walking by the sea, trilling in soft cadence a song taught him by the celebrated teacher Linos, he was attracted by the sound of sweet music, which seemed but the echo of his own glorious voice. He walked along, singing, and the sound approached, as if to meet him, till finally it sang at his very feet.

Glancing down, he saw the shell of a turtle, which had been cast high and dry upon the beach and left there by the receding waves. The little thing had died and dried up so that only the sinews, shriveled to strings, and the shell remained. The dried up sinews were tightly stretched across the hollow shell, and the wind, as it listed, touched the strings, causing them to vibrate over the shell sounding board and give forth the sweet, sad tones.

Enchanted, he bore his treasure home and from it fashioned the viol shell, with which he ever after accompanied his voice, and the nymph Eurydice, enchanted by its magic, became his bride.—National Magazine.

George Gould's Ready Wit.

I heard a story about George Gould which goes to show that the possession of great wealth doesn't necessarily preclude the possession of a passing ready wit. It was several or even more years ago, while the elder Gould was still alive, that a woman I know met George Gould at a dinner. He was presented to her quite casually, and she did not catch his name. Conversation turned on operations in Wall street, and the woman I am speaking of launched out into a perfect torrent of ladylike abuse of Jay Gould. Everybody tried to stop her, but she perceived nothing except that people were looking at the young man. Turning to him, she asked:

"Do you know Jay Gould?"

"Well, yes," he said; "I've had some business dealings with him."—Washington Post.

Adams and Sculpture.

President John Quincy Adams once asserted that he would not give 50 cents for all the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, adding, "I hope America will not think of sculpture for two centuries to come."

When some one quoted this to William Morris Hunt, he asked dryly, "Does that sum of money really represent Mr. Adams' estimate of the sculpture of those artists or the value which he places upon 50 cents?"

A Diplomatic Poet.

An eastern poet has penned some rhymes that show he is a born diplomat. Here is a sample verse:

> And the goldenrod droops down its head
> In sullenness of despair,
> For its splendor that flamed is outshone and shamed
> By the gold of Evadne's hair!

If that isn't a neat and unobjectionable way of calling a girl redheaded, we don't know what is.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Generous Hand.

Lord Russell of Killowen (when Sir Charles Russell) was once examining a witness. The question was about the size of certain hoof prints left by a horse in sandy soil.

"How large were the prints?" asked the learned counsel. "Were they as large as my hand?" holding up his hand for the witness to see.

"Oh, no," said the witness, honestly. "It was just an ordinary hoof."

Then Sir Charles had to suspend the examination while everybody laughed.

Easily Fixed.

"Awful affair at our hotel this afternoon. Cook got angry and cut the end of a waiter's nose off with a carving knife. But one of the guests fixed it up all right."

"How?"

"He gave the waiter another tip."

Pains in the Back.

A. B. Farrington, Constantia, N. Y., says: "I was troubled several years with kidney disease and suffered severe pains in the back. I used Foley's Kidney Cure and one bottle cured me. I recommend it to my friends. It has given perfect satisfaction." L. K. Hogarth & Co.

RECOMPENSE.

What is the price of manhood?
What sale does honor bring?
Does pure, untarnished character
Count much in Fashion's ring?
Do [illegible]
Does [illegible]
The purest soul to trample down,
To crush, destroy, and twain?
Is there no truth or honor
To cause mankind to stay
The advancing [illegible] thirst for lust
That [illegible] away?
Does honest labor cheapen
The mold wherein we're cast?
Is black corrupt iniquity
The flag flung from life's mast?
Forget not One is watching
Our actions day by day,
And tie is gauged at such a cost
He surely will repay.
For though mankind is judging
Appearances, poor art,
The God, the just, the righteous Judge,
Inspects our inmost heart.
Condemn not, then, I pray thee,
For thou thyself some day
May seek for mercy from thy Judge,
Whose verdict none can sway.
And temper all thy judgments
With love and common sense,
The end will merit all 'twill bring;
It serves full recompense.
—Edwin M. Allen in Pittsburg Dispatch.

WILES OF THE FOX.

Some Clever Tricks by Which Reynard Baffles His Pursuers.

A fox is entitled to all that is said for its wisdom and sagacity. Not long ago the Washington hunt of Valley Forge started a young fox in the North valley hills, and the hounds were running it across the open field when the hunters were surprised to see a much larger fox come from the woods and run diagonally across the track of the young fox ahead of the hounds, and when they struck the stronger track of the bigger fox they took it up, young Reynard thereby being saved from being run down and killed by the hounds.

Old hunters say they have frequently witnessed this trick when young foxes were being closely pressed and in danger of being run down and killed by the hounds. Another and an even sharper trick was played by an old fox some weeks ago while being hotly chased by hounds. The fox had run some 20 miles, and while crossing an open stretch of country was in danger of being run down and killed. In a field through which the fox was running with the hounds close to its heels was the cellar of an old house, with a portion of the walls still standing. The fox made straight for the old cellar, leaped into it and made its escape through a narrow opening in the walls. The hounds, supposing the fox was trapped, dashed into the cellar pell-mell, only to find Reynard gone and themselves in a trap, as the hole in the wall through which the fox had escaped was too small to permit them to get through.

When the hunters rode up, they found the pack in a trap, with one of the hounds wedged fast in the hole through which the fox had made its escape. By the time the hounds were got out of the cellar the fox was safe in its hole.—Philadelphia Times.

A Savage Publisher.

The late J. Schabelitz, the famous Zurich publisher and author, was a shrewd business man, an excellent linguist, a skillful writer and probably the most savage publisher who ever lived. When he accepted the famous memoirs of Count von Arnim, he wrote on the postal card with the acceptance the proviso, "I reserve the right to correct your infernally bad grammar."

To an aspiring poet who had submitted manuscript he answered by postal card: "I refuse to be disgraced by printing your doggerel. I don't return the copy because you didn't inclose enough postage. If you will send it, with the price of this card, I will send it to you, but I don't think the stuff is worth the expense on your part."

One of his postal cards to a novelist read about as follows: "For heaven's sake, come and take away the unnamable mass of paper you left here for me to look at!"

An ambitious historian was crushed by the following, written, like all of his correspondence, upon a postal card: "You are making the mistake of your life. You don't want to study history. You want to learn how to write."—Saturday Evening Post.

This Rooster Wore a Scarfpin.

The crack chicken story comes from the kitchen of the Golden Eagle hotel at Reading. It concerns an energetic young rooster that crowed and grew fat while carrying in its gizzard a stickpin nearly two inches in length, the sharp point of which had worked through the muscular second stomach of the fowl and protruded a quarter of an inch on the outside.

Josiah Barnes, the second cook at the Golden Eagle, was engaged in cleaning a lot of fowls preparatory to cooking them for the Sunday dinner. While handling a particularly fine, fat, young rooster something pricked his hand. He made an investigation and found a sharp pointed instrument protruding through the gizzard. He cut open the organ and was surprised to find a stickpin therein. The pin was mounted with a diamond shaped piece of pearl on which was a gold letter "W."

The young rooster had probably observed the piece of pearl and, believing it to be an extra fine pebble with which to digest its food, had made the mistake of swallowing it.—Reading Searchlight.

Cannibalistic.

Oliver Wendell Holmes enjoyed that humor best which was of his own production. On one occasion he was holding forth at great length on the subject of cannibalism, and, having wound himself up to the proper pitch, he turned suddenly to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who was sitting near him, and asked: "Imagine! What would you do if you were to meet a cannibal?"

"I think," Mr. Aldrich sweetly replied, "that I should stop to pick an acquaintance with him."

This rejoinder cast such a gloom over Dr. Holmes that during the rest of the dinner his conversation was limited to monosyllables.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Saluting the Deck.

The poop or raised after deck of a ship over which floated the national flag was considered to be always pervaded by the presence of the sovereign. As the worshiper of whatever rank removes his hat upon entering the church so from the admiral to the powder monkey every member of the ship's company as he set foot upon the poop "saluted the deck," the invisible presence. But since in steamers there is often no lee side the custom in them has completely died out.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Sure Test.

"Are you sure she is as gentle and patient and amiable as she seems?" asked the friend.

"Not quite sure," answered the young man who is in love, "but I'm going to find out."

"How?"

"I'm going to get her to call somebody up over a long distance telephone and then watch her."—Indianapolis Journal.

A little social life is good for one. As time goes on and the old friends have gone to their promotion it is well to keep up one's interest in the world of today by cultivating friendly relations with those about us.—Ladies' Home Journal.

In almost every neighborhood there is some one whose life has been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, or who has been cured of chronic diarrhoea by the use of that medicine. Such persons make a point of telling it when ever opportunity offers, hoping that it may be the means of saving other lives. For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

HOW TO GROW ONIONS.

A New Englander Who Begins Several Years "Beforehand."

Onions like some other farm crops require a large amount of labor to give the best results. But if given good cultivation and the weeds are kept down they make fine large onions. On the average farm onions are grown from sets, but the best are produced from seed, as there are not enough sets to go round. I have grown them from seed and have experimented on a small scale with planting the little ones the second year. This plan gave good returns, but I could not get enough little onions.

The soil for onions should be fertile, sandy, well underdrained soil that will not pack after every rain. It is best to apply a good coating of barnyard manure, but a great objection is that it always contains a large amount of weed seed. A fair amount of sand is an advantage if the soil is sufficiently retentive to resist drought.

Begin to get the soil in shape two or three years beforehand. First sow as much clover as possible to increase the fertility of the soil. Also plant hoed crops to kill out as many weeds as possible, for weeds are one of the greatest barriers to success. Barnyard manure and hen manure are good fertilizers to be applied before planting. For the onions to make a good growth the ground must be plowed as early as possible, about the 1st of March or not later than the 20th. They will make a crop planted a month later, but they will get only half as large. The ground cannot be in too fine a condition and should be harrowed and dragged several times. I get the ground as free from clods and trash as possible, frequently raking it with a common garden hand rake.

To plant the seed, which is generally the Wethersfield variety, I use a garden drill which marks the next row, has an adjustable shovel and plants uniformly. I drill the rows about 12 inches apart, planting six to ten seeds per foot. I would advise every farmer who plants very much garden to buy one of these drills, which sows any sized garden seed. I cultivate the onions as soon as they are large enough. The ground soon packs, and the weeds make an early start. They should be plowed at least after every rain, as the ground then runs together and crowds the young plants. They also have to be hand hoed, as the weeds cannot be plowed out of the row. For getting rid of these weeds I sometimes use a common knife. It is very hard work whatever is used.

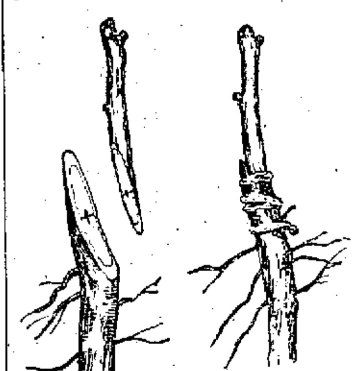
The plow we use runs astride the row and is a double wheel hoe with double hoes. It has several attachments, some cutting horizontally and some cutting vertically. The former are best for cultivating the plants when small, because they throw the dirt away from the row. When the bulbs begin to enlarge, the latter may be used. The onions are pulled as soon as the tops turn yellow. Then they are topped and dried and laid away on shelves so they will not heat. The foregoing is the onion growing programme of a New England Homestead correspondent.

A Move on Melons.

Melon and cucumber plants may be started in hotbeds or greenhouses and the season of maturity advanced several weeks. The seeds are sown on inverted sods six or eight weeks previous to planting out time, half a dozen seeds in a place, eight to ten inches apart. When settled warm weather has arrived, cut the sods in squares and transplant in the field. By this means we not only advance the season of maturity, but we also head off to a great extent the numerous insect tribes that feast on our melon and cucumber vines in their early stages.—Rural New Yorker.

Root Grafting.

In root grafting apples the scions are cut in fall, winter or any time before the buds swell in spring. Describing the operation, a writer in American Gardening says: One-year old seedlings are generally employed for stocks, but sometimes larger roots are used, being cut in pieces four or five inches long and a scion set in each piece. Roots are usually "tongue" or "whip" grafted, the stock being cut at or just below the surface of the ground. Cut both stock and scion alike with a sharp knife, making a good, smooth, even surface. Then put the two parts together, taking great care that the inner bark or cambium of the scion comes in direct contact with the inner bark of the root, and tie with raffia to hold in place.



ROOT GRAFTING OF APPLES.

Such a graft made by an experienced workman need not be waxed, but the beginner will probably succeed better if each graft is covered with wax. In large nurseries root grafting is done during the winter months. The young seedlings are dug, the scions cut and both put into the cellar, where they are kept cool and moist. They are then taken to a well lighted workroom, root grafted, and are planted out in nursery rows the following spring.

Both Told the Truth.

"Truth compels me to state," said the presiding officer of a medical congress, "that upon the list of physicians present just read there is one that is no gentleman."

A stir of surprise passed over the assemblage at this, and one man upon whose feet, as the presiding officer said afterward, the shoe seemed to be a perfect fit half rose from his seat. But in another moment a woman's voice from the back part of the hall made itself heard.

"I quite agree with Dr. Blank," said the voice, "for I am that physician. In my turn I must say, however, that Dr. Blank is no lady."

Reward.

We the undersigned druggists offer a reward of 50 cents to any person who purchases of us, two 25 cent boxes of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters Tablets, if it fails to cure constipation, biliousness, sick-headache, jaundice, loss of appetite, sour stomach, dyspepsia, liver complaint, or any of the diseases for which it is recommended. Price 25 cents for for either tablets or liquid. We will also refund the money on one package of either if it fails to give satisfaction.

L. K. Hogarth & Co.
H. C. Watas

Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism.

Kenna, Jackson Co., W. Va.

About three years ago my wife had an attack of rheumatism which confined her to her bed for over a month and rendered her unable to walk a step without assistance, her limbs being swollen to double their normal size. Mr. S. Maddox insisted on my using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I purchased a fifty cent bottle and used it according to the directions and the next morning she walked to breakfast without assistance in any manner, and she has not had a similar attack since. A. B. Parsons. For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Cure for Consumption.

[illegible]

The Butler and the Work.

[illegible]

Charging for Pews.

[illegible] In 1736 the [illegible] that women [illegible] favored position [illegible] At Dorchester, in 1625, Robert Pollen's wife is [illegible] for a seat in [illegible] So there is reason for believing that originally pew rents were charges made every time particular seats were occupied.

Books.

Books are sweet, unreproaching companions to the miserable, and if they cannot bring us to enjoy life they will at least teach us to endure it.—"Vicar of Wakefield."

After LaGrippe What?

Usually a racking cough and a general feeling of weakness. Foley's Honey and Tar is guaranteed to cure the "grippe cough" and make you strong and well. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

An American Reporter.

[illegible]

A man dragged by a wild horse would cut himself loose if he could. He would not [illegible]

[illegible] Nervous [illegible] It frees the body [illegible] It invigorates the whole digestive system [illegible] strengthens the lungs [illegible] grateful patients have testified to its value.

[illegible]

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser [illegible] Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Spring Styles

IN FASHIONABLE

FOOTWEAR

AT STORE OF

Anderson & Carlson.

We have in stock all that is desirable in the line of stylish, serviceable, and reliable footwear. Our immense stock contains shoes for all—Men's shoes, Ladies' shoes and children's shoes—no matter for what purpose you can find what you want at our store. We make a specialty of repairing.

Anderson & Carlson,

Boots and Shoes, Overshoes, Rubber Boots, Repairing, Etc.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

NEW MEAT MARKET,

J. S. McCarthy, Propr.

ALL KINDS OF
FRESH & SALT MEATS.
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CHOICEST GROCERIES.
Vegetables and Oysters in Season.
OPP. DEMOCRAT OFFICE,
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For a
FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Mansfield State Normal School.

[illegible] for teachers. [illegible] Buildings and Equipments unexcelled [illegible] steam [illegible] preparatory work [illegible] September [illegible] Winter term, [illegible] March 13. [illegible]

A. T. SMITH, Ph. D., Principal,
Mansfield, Pa.

[illegible] interested in [illegible] of a school.

PATENTS
[illegible] and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE [illegible]
A PAMPHLET, [illegible]
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

NEW YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

All the News 3 Times a Week.
Special 6 Months Offer.
Open Until May 1st.

[illegible]

With THE MINER 6 Months for 90 Cents.

NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

[illegible]

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THE MINER, Smethport, Pa., Before May, 1st, 1900

The Miner Leads

IN

Job Printing.

"AI" TABLETS,

For All Urinary Disorders.
[illegible]
KIDNEYS, LIVER and BLADDER.
[illegible]
"A" TABLETS will cure you.
PAN-AMERICAN DRUG CO., New York.
Sold [illegible] by L. K. Hogarth & Co. [illegible]

Lilgendahl's Shop

Is a model of neatness and the means to be found here for getting out good work were never before known in Smethport.

The Blacksmithing Department

Is presided over by men of ability and experience. Bring your horse here. A thorough knowledge of horses' feet enables us to do horse-shoeing in a scientific manner.

The Wagon and Paint Shops

Are attracting a great deal of attention. The excellent work done in these departments is drawing trade. Send in your order.

C. W. LILGENDAHL.

Mechanic Street.

Spring Patterns and Samples.

I have on hand a complete line of Spring patterns and samples, and can please my customers with up-to date goods and workmanship. Call and get prices.

JOHN MILLER, The Tailor,
TRACEY BUILDING,
Main St. Smethport.

Leonard Koenig,

located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING AND DECORATING.

UPHOLSTERING

Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.

Smethport. - Penna.

FOR 1900

I have received a large invoice of

Wall Paper,

all of the latest designs. Call at the

Furniture Store of Specht & Sasse

and examine my stock.

Experienced paper hangers furnished when desired, and all work gurranted.

C. SASSE,
Smethport, Pa.

C. J. Vanblad,

Practical Horseshoer.

Special attention paid to sore feet and all diseases that can be cured by careful shoeing. Am agent for the Dorran Expansion Shoe.

WATER ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Strong,

Plumbers,
Gas Fitters.
UNION [illegible] REAR REILLY BLOCK. Smethport.

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Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

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NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

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The striking and important events of the last year have established the overwhelming value of THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD to every reader. For an almost nominal sum it has kept its subscribers informed of the progress of all our wars and, moreover, has reported them as promptly and fully as if it were a daily. With our interests still extending throughout the world, with our troops operating in the Philippines, and the great Presidential campaign too, at hand, its value is further increased.

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We offer this unequaled newspaper and THE MCKEAN COUNTY MINER together one year for $1.65.

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GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH
AND CONSISTS OF:
Flour, Feed, Meal,
Wheat, Corn
Oats, Hay,
Straw, Bran,
Middlings, Hominy,
Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

INSURANCE!

Fire insurance written in the leading companies. Life and Accident Insurance in the most reliable companies of America.

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Of the following first-class manufacturers: A. B. Chase, Bush & Gerts, Malcom Love and Woodward & Brown, sold for cash or on installments.

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Of the very best makes, sold for cash or on installments, at reduced prices.

SEWING MACHINES.
Will sell Domestic and Wheeler & Wilson machines hereafter for cash at a

Reduction of $25.00

from the list price of each machine, at my store. Now avail yourselves of this grand offer.

Piano and Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music, Needles, Oil and all kinds of Fixtures for all kinds of Sewing Machines. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

Mr. F. W. Burdick, Piano Tuner of Olean, N. Y., will visit Smethport every three months. Please leave orders at my office.

C. A. BURDICK.
Salesroom, Reilly Block,
Smethport, Pa.

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LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

For Sale.

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport, - Penn.
March 1, 1900.

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER O

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua Ry.

Time Table taking effect Oct. 12th, 1899.

LEAVE SMETHPORT.

8:00 A. M.—Mail and Express, daily, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, and daily, except Sunday, for Mount Jewett and Kane, connecting with P. & W. Ry for Foxburg, Butler and Pittsburg.

10:45 A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane.

1:30 P. M.—Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Davis, Aiken Kinzua Junction and Bradford; connecting with B., R. & P. for Buffalo and Rochester, arriving at Buffalo at 6:35 p. m. and Rochester at 6:30 p. m.—and Mt. Jewett and Kane; connecting at Kane with P. & E. R. R. for Sheffield, Tiona, Warren, Corry, Union City and Erie.

5:25 P. M.—Mail and Express daily for Ormsby Junction, Mount Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with P. & E. train 4 for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore Washington and Philadelphia—and daily except Sunday for Simpson, Davis, Aikin, Kinzua Junction and Bradford; connecting at Bradford with train 10 Erie R R for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville, Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 12 m. and 2:35 p. m. daily except sunday; and at 9:05 a.m. and 6:25 p.m. daily.

JNO. C. MCKENNA,
Gen. Pas. Agent,
Bradford, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday, Oct. 23, 1899

AR. EASTW'D.			STATIONS.	L'V WESTW'D		
A. M.	A. M.	P. M. Ar.		Dp. A. M.	P. M.	A. M
8 20	7.18	2 10	Ulysses	7.52	3.30	9.25
†8 02	†7.10	†1.59	Crowell	†7.41	†3.39	†9.32
†7 57	o	†1.56	Carpenter	o	†2.41	†9.38
†7 52	7.03	†1.53	Perkins	7.45	†2.44	†9.41
7.47	7.02	1.50	N'w'f'd Ju'ct'n	7.47	2.46	9.47
o	o	1.45	Newfield	†7.51	2 50	†9.50
7 40	6.54	1.41	Gold	7.55	2.54	9.55
†7 15	†6.48	1.35	Raymond	†7.59	2.59	†10.00
†7 00	†6.39	†1 24	Seven Bridg's	†8.11	†3.11	†10 15
†6 55	†6.38	1.21	Colesburg	†8.14	3.14	†10 25
†6 45	†6.29	†1.14	Frink's	†8.22	†3.22	†10 35
†6 35	o	†1.08	Nor. C'port	o	†3 31	†10.50
6.30	6.15	1.00 Dp.	Coudersport	Ar. 8.36	3.36	11 00
P. M.	P. M.					P. M.
4.20	7.40	12.53 Ar.		Dp. 8.41	6.00	1 10
o	o	†12.49	Hammonds	o	[illegible]	[illegible]
†4 05	†7 34	†12 44	Olmsted	[illegible]	†6.06	†1 27
3 59	7.30	12.40	Mina	8.50	6.10	1 31
†3.45	o	†12.33	Knowlton	o	†6.18	o
3.40	7.2	12.30	Roulette	9.00	6.21	1 45
†3 30	†7.14	†12.22	Burtville	9.05	6.29	†1 55
†3.23	o	†12.15	Coleman	o	†6.35	o
†3.20	o	o	Chemical Works	o	o	o
3 15	7.02	12.10	Port Allegany	9.15	6.40	2.25
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	Dep't.	Arrive A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

† Flag Station. o Trains do not stop. ‡ Telegraph Station.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y; and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

[illegible] A. McCLURE, Gen'l Supt.

Kush-qua Route.

Lv. Bradford, B., R. & P. Sta. 8:00 a. m., 12:10 p. m., 4:30 p. m.
Ar. Smethport 9:10 a. m., 1:10 p. m., 5:40 p. m.
Lv. Smethport (Kq. Sta.) 9:35 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 6:05 p. m.
Ar. Bradford 10:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 7:10 p. m.
Lv. Smethport for Buffalo 2:30 p. m. Ar. Buffalo 5:45 p. m.
Lv. Smethport for Rochester 2:30 p. m. Ar. Rochester 6:35 p. m.
Lv. Buffalo for Smethport 9:00 a. m. Ar. Smethport 1:10 p. m.
Lv. Rochester for Smethport 9:45 a. m. Ar. Smethport 1:10 p. m.
Lv. Smethport for Mt. Jewett 11:50 a. m. Ar. Mt. Jewett 12:54 p. m.
Lv. Smethport for Mt. Jewett at 4:20 p. m. Ar. Mt. Jewett 5:27 p. m.
Lv. Mt. Jewett for Smethport 5.34 a. m. Ar. Smethport 10:50 a. m.
Lv. Mt. Jewett for Smethport 3:34. Ar. Smethport 3:40 p. m.

T. E. MOULTON, Supt.
C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

To Repair Broken Articles use
Major's Cement
Remember
MAJOR'S RUBBER CEMENT,
MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

The MINER, $1 per year, in advance.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TIME TABLE

WESTERN NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY.

In effect Oct. 22, 1899.

Trains leave Smethport for Larrabee [illegible] Eldred, Olean, Bradford, [illegible] as follows:

Buffalo Express, [illegible]
*Buffalo Mail, [illegible]
Local for [illegible]

*Train leaving Smethport [illegible] at Olean with River Division [illegible] Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, and points [illegible]

*Clermont Local, daily ex Sunday [illegible]
Clermont Accom daily ex Sunday [illegible]
Clermont Accom [illegible] Sunday [illegible]
*Clermont Local connects through [illegible] Johnsonburg.

For Larrabee, [illegible] and points [illegible]
Mail [illegible]
Mail [illegible]
[illegible] porium for [illegible]

Get Time Tables giving [illegible]
A. E. WORMER, Ticket Agent.
R. BELL, [illegible]
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen'l Pass. [illegible]
General Offices, Moser Building, [illegible] Main and Division [illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA [illegible]

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE [illegible] TABLE [illegible]

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM [illegible] EASTWARD.

[illegible] m.—Train [illegible], Week [illegible] Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, [illegible] Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York [illegible] p. m., Baltimore [illegible] p. m., Washington, [illegible] p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to [illegible] Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

[illegible] arrive at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York [illegible] 7:23 a. m., Washington [illegible] sleeping cars from [illegible] Philadelphia and New York. [illegible] passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

9:40 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York [illegible] week days [illegible] 6:35 a. m., Washington [illegible] sleeping cars from [illegible] Philadelphia and [illegible] [illegible] passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred [illegible] sleeper at Williamsport.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, week days, for Erie, Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.
10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.
[illegible] p. m.—Train 15, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR [illegible] TION FROM THE EAST [illegible]

Train 9 leaves New York [illegible] Philadelphia 8:50 p. m., Washington [illegible] Baltimore 8:40 p. m., arriving at Emporium 5:10 a. m., weekdays, with [illegible] and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

Train 3, leaves New York 7:55 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington [illegible] Baltimore 11:55 p. m. daily, arriving at Emporium [illegible] with Pullman sleeping car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport, on Sundays only, Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie.

Train 15 leaves Philadelphia 8:30 a. m., Washington 7:55 a. m., Baltimore 8:55 a. m., Wilkesbarre 10:55 a. m., week days, arriving at Emporium [illegible] with Pullman parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Kane.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

[illegible]

Connections are made with trains [illegible] Johnsonburg at [illegible] for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at [illegible] and at Ridgway with train [illegible] leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Reynoldsville, Pittsburg and intermediate points; with trains leaving Ridgway at [illegible] p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
[illegible], Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway

THE SHORT LINE

On and after Jan. 1st, 1900, passenger trains between Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney, Butler, Pittsburg and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania, will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—NORTH BOUND.

8.10 a.m. and 4.15 p.m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express—For Limestone, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester. Week days only.

3.55 p. m.—Pittsburg Flyer—Daily—For Ashford, Springville, Buffalo, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester.

2.55 p.m. Sunday for Salamanca and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH-BOUND.

[illegible] a.m. and [illegible] p.m.—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, [illegible] Punxsutawney [illegible] Pittsburg [illegible]

12.54 p.m. [illegible] Johnsonburg, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney, Dayton [illegible] Butler and Pittsburg.

Thousand Mile Tickets [illegible] between all stations, at 2 cents per mile.

For tickets, time tables and full information address any of the Company's agents, or

L. R. McCURRAY, Agent, Bradford, Pa.
EDWARD C. LAPEY, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

Popular Scenic Route

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD

Condensed time table [illegible]

[illegible]

CONNECTIONS.

At Keating Summit with [illegible]
At Ansonia [illegible]
At Ferncliffe [illegible]
At Genesee [illegible]
At Addison [illegible]
At Wellsville [illegible]

H. C. UNDERHILL, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
M. J. [illegible]

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. [illegible]

[illegible]

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT.
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.